

# *The* AMERICAN RIFLEMAN

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**\$3.00**  
the year

**20 cents**  
the copy





GEORGE WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY TEAM—INTERCOLLEGIATE GALLERY CHAMPIONS  
 Kneeling, left to right: George Anadale, Clay Espey (Mgr.), Walter Stokes (Capt.), Hugh Everett  
 Standing, left to right: Eric Newcomb, Thaddeus Riley, James Barry, Gerald Trimble

## George Washington Wins Intercollegiate Championship

The Intercollegiate Gallery Championship for 1924 has been won by the George Washington University Rifle Team with a record score of 2925 x 3000.

This championship team was composed of some well-known small bore shooters who, backed by the proper *esprit* and shooting as a team, rolled up individual scores in each match that put over team totals undreamed of. For instance, in the first match, sitting and prone, three of the team scored possibles in each position and the entire team ran the possible 500 in the prone position. Only six points were lost in this match, five of them by one man. The total of the first match was 994 x 1000. The total for the second match was 976 and for the third match 955; an aggregate of 2925.

For all contestants in the competition, Walter Stokes led the field with a grand total of 594 out of 600 — so far as known, the highest score ever made and an individual score for the match.

All of the team shot—

### THE TEAM SCORES WERE:

	1st Match			2d Match			3d Match			Gr. T.
	Sit.	Pr.	Tl.	Kn.	Pr.	Tl.	St.	Pr.	Tl.	
Stokes, W. R.	100	100	200	99	100	199	95	100	195	594
Barry	100	100	200	95	99	194	91	100	191	585
Espey	100	100	200	—	—	—	—	—	—	200
Everett	95	100	195	—	—	—	—	—	—	195
Trimble	99	100	199	92	99	191	—	—	—	390
Riley	—	—	—	97	100	197	85	99	184	381
Newcomb	—	—	—	96	99	195	87	100	187	382
Anadale	—	—	—	—	—	—	98	100	198	198

Aggregate 2925

REMINGTON  
UMC

## REMINGTON PALMA

The Premier .22 Long Rifle Cartridge

REMINGTON  
UMC



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# The AMERICAN RIFLEMAN

The Publication of the National Rifle Association of America

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## Why I Like "The American Rifleman"

By Capt. Charles Askins

I LIKE THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN as much for what it doesn't have in it as for what it does. That may seem like a strange statement, but in the limited time I have for reading I don't want to go over stuff that I don't read, never did read and never intend to. I can read everything that is in THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN with advantage, and I usually do, even the advertisements.

The average American sportsman's magazine has perhaps a hundred pages to the issue. Of these about fifty pages will be devoted to advertisements, scattered all through the text, except the first few leading pages. I don't like that. Sometimes the ads are disguised and come in the shape of reading matter. That's worse. It reminds me of a time when as a little boy I made a great kick about taking calomel. My father used to take the calomel and carefully hide it in the middle of a spoonful of jelly. Then he'd say, "Swallow it down, son; nothing but a little jelly." But I knew danged well there was rank "pizen" in the middle of that jelly. To this day I never read a disguised advertisement that I don't consider the stuff recommended rank "pizen."

In the next place I am not a fisherman. I have not caught a fish on a hook and line in twenty years. I haven't read a book on fishing in forty years; I haven't read one article on fishing in ten years and I don't intend to either. In my opinion fishing stories should be written exclusively by women. Women have more adjectives at their command than men do, and fish stories are diluted with adjectives to the extent of ninety-nine per cent. Every page in a sporting magazine devoted to fishing is a total loss to me.

Every page in a sporting magazine devoted to automobile touring, automobile camping, and automobile camping supplies is a total loss to me. I have read some of that stuff and I don't propose to read any more of it. If I had a typewriter that would run itself and make copies, by running old stories through the machine, merely changing time and place and people, I could write automobile camping stories myself—all the same as those now written, turning 'em out at so much a pound for paper used. I suppose that somebody reads these auto-camping stories, but I'm hanged if I know why he couldn't remember the last half a dozen and save time.

I like dogs; think them by all odds the finest animals in the world. I have read Senator Vest's essay on the dog, but Mr. Vest is dead. I do not read much of the dog end of a sporting magazine. When I see a picture of a man holding up a dog's tail with one hand and his head with the other, hat pushed back so as not to shadow his face (not the dog's), man looking as pretty

as he knows how, I know that story without reading it. It will say, "Champion so and so, out of champion so and so, by champion so and so, owned by — (the man with his picture being taken)." I can also read between the lines, and what I read is being said by the man with his hat pushed back. He is saying, "this thing costs me twenty-five bucks and it's worth it. After this picture comes out they will know me all the way from the Rio Grande to the Canadian line, and wherever I go they will recognize me as the great dog man whose picture appeared on page 94, column three, second paragraph, at twenty-five bucks for the mugging." Worth it? Maybe so, but he can't cash in on me.

The sporting magazines are too easily led off after fads. Just now it is automobile travel. Maybe pretty soon it will be motor boats. A few years ago it was trapping and poisoning wild animals for their furs—or possibly breeding them for fur. The editor makes careful inquiry, and if he finds a baker's dozen of people devoted to some one thing or another, straightway he starts a department devoted to the baker's dozen. After a while the fad begins to die, as such things will and the department is dropped, but mean time the editor goes off after something else, giving us a dose of some other kind of foolishness.

Trap shooting is a great game, but it needs a Billy Sunday holt of it, a great revivalist. He will need to preach hell and damnation to the man who is willing to stand up with an ounce and a quarter of shot and break a hundred straight day after day. If a man died and went to heaven a hundred times a day straight, we'd all get tired of hearing about it, but if he took a chance on going to hell occasionally, we'd all want to know about the trip.

Of all the things I have read this year, I got more out of the tests of International Rifle barrels and the ammunition than any other one thing. Those barrels and that ammunition put up an amazing performance. I don't know which I admire most, the machine rest which render such records possible, the powder, uniform past belief, the bullets which spin so true, the cartridge loading which must embrace the finest of mechanical execution, or the barrels.

The barrels are the subject of high satisfaction to me. They are long and heavy barrels. I have been preaching long and heavy rifle barrels for ten or fifteen years, with nobody to listen. Manufacturers and hunters, all this time, seemed in perfect agreement as to the desirability of cutting down the length of rifle barrels, reducing their weight, reducing the weight of the entire gun. If some man could take a rifle with twenty-eight inch barrel and cut it down to eighteen (Concluded on page 16)

# What Are We Aiming At?

By Lt. Com. E. E. Wilson, U. S. N.

**A**S a fellow goes sailing around the world poking an inquisitive rifle muzzle into the affairs of other nations, he is struck forcibly by the different ways different people have of doing the same thing. Two years ago in Milan I was impressed with the great possibilities of the ring target. Last winter in the West Indies I was introduced to the "tin-hat." In the meantime I watched the great tourney at Camp Perry, and asked myself if we were on the right track. It will pay us to stop a moment and think it over.

The little affair down in the British West Indies was a brush between a team of blue-jackets from my ship and a team of soldiers from the local garrison. They suggested the rules for the match and we acceded because we like to play the other fellow's game. There were two important innovations in the match rules: first, the target; second, the procedure at rapid fire. The target was three feet square with a tin-hat in the middle. The hat sat up on a khaki colored horizon against a sky-blue background and was pretty hard to see. The time limit for rapid fire was one minute and you were permitted to fire as many shots as you wanted to, or rather could, shoot in the minute. The soldiers, shooting the Enfield, fired fifteen shots to our ten, but we won because we got our ten in while they got their fifteen out.

Now it is apparent that in these two points of procedure, the British are attempting to simulate service conditions. The question is, should we attempt something of the sort. This isn't an academic question either, but one that continually recurs. Last year an officer of the navy published an interesting article on the training of the Shanghai police force. He described how the recruit with drawn pistol enters the building set aside for the test. As he passes the threshold he is slugged behind the ear, tripped up in front, and assailed by wild noises. In the midst of the excitement his target bobs up and disappears. As I remember, the author called this the "Pootung" target, because if the bewildered cop didn't shoot first and look second the target would be across the Whangpo river into Pootung before he came to. The author compared our methods with these to our detriment, remarking that before the average target shooter could squeeze off one shot the target would be over in Pootung and back.

To the so-called "practical man" his arguments are convincing. To many people the suggestion that we introduce "service conditions" into our target shooting is a perfectly natural one. There have been many attempts at this ranging from the skirmish on up through problems so complicated that it takes the war college to dope out the score. For the most part, these matches fail for one very good reason. The heart and soul of target shooting is competition. As soon as you get into service conditions you get out of the

realm of skill into that of luck and sooner or later, interest falls off. Every man wants what he earns.

Of course there are some exceptions to this. One of the most fascinating matches in the Milan program was the so-called "Lucky-Match." A series of numbers were pasted at random in the bull's-eye and their positions were changed from time to time. If by chance you hit the lucky number you won. The match was very popular with those who couldn't hope to win in a test of skill and the Latins got as much kick out of it as an American would out of putting them all in the V-ring. For the good of the game, however, the match rules must promote honest competition.

In the efforts to get competition and service conditions at one and the same time different compromises have been developed. About the only one of these that ever worked was the skirmish run and this worked because there was no compromise in the score. The skirmish was a test of skill. It's disadvantage was that so much depended upon judging the initial wind that it bordered on the "lucky" side. For that reason it has passed into the discard so that we now have straight target shooting without the service conditions.

If the tin-hat target is an example of the one style, then the ring target is an example of the other. Just as the unsymmetrical arrangement of the bull's-eye in the tin-hat target introduces the element of luck into it, so does the ring target place a premium on skill. In one you get the full value for hitting the bull's-eye at all; in the other you get the full value only when you hit the center of it. Obviously the American style is intermediate. Our symmetrical style of bull's-eye reduces the element of luck to a minimum yet a hit in the bull's-eye gives you the full value of the shot. The question is, which of these is proper?

For my part I can't see any advantage in the tin-hat stuff. Target shooting is bound to be artificial if it is to be exact and you don't fool anyone by changing the shape of the point of aim. A bull's-eye by any other name is just as hard to hit. The argument that you must simulate service conditions in training so that you will recognize them in war does not apply here. Eight sailors who had never heard of the tin-hat target before poked it full of holes because they had been taught the value of close holding on the small bore ring-target.

As for the ring-target I'm for it. The great objection seems to be that it would let a few super-shooters win all the matches and crowd out the great mass of good-shooters. Personally I don't think this is so. The best shooters manage to win most of the matches anyway. Besides the number of super-shooters is steadily increasing. In the old days, a handful of people with the best equipment took home all the bacon. Now you've got to beat a couple of hundred people as good or better than you are. We have virtually conceded this by putting the V-ring in the B

and C targets and it seems to me only a question of time until we put in more rings.

At the try-outs at Quantico this year the shooters were firing at 800 meters at a 36 inch bull's-eye. The five and four and three were inside the bull's-eye. This is nearly 900 yards yet when one of them got a three he wolfed around all afternoon and accused the scorer of robbing him. Our experience of the last four years with the International target has served to develop our equipment beyond all dreams. As soon as we began to tinker with the rifle as well as the ammunition we went forward by leaps and bounds. The ring target put a premium on accuracy. As a result the International Boys have shot scores that make last year's record breakers look sick.

In the so-called service conditions there is often argument as to the relative value of accuracy and rapidity. My sailors demonstrated this conclusively this winter when they got bigger scores with ten shots than their opponents with fifteen. There was another demonstration way back in the early days of Perry in a match called the "Evans' Skirmish" after Colonel Evans, then executive officer of the matches. In this match, two teams lined up at 1200 yards and advanced against disappearing targets, firing at unknown ranges. When a target was hit it was withdrawn and the corresponding man dropped out. Thus if No. 2 on A team hit his target, No. 2 on B team was ruled out by a range officer. At the last range in this match one man was left on one team and two on the other. The unlucky single shooter realized then that he had to kill two opponents before two opponents killed him. The odds weren't two to one, they were four to one. In other words, the results were as the square of the accuracy. Accuracy is the thing that counts the most. Rapidity can come later. Anything that promotes accuracy should be fostered.

To summarize, we find on one hand the method exemplified by the tin-hat target, namely the attempt to approach service conditions and on the other, the purely artificial method as exemplified by the continental style of closed ranges and ring-targets. Our own method lies somewhere in between, exemplified by the bull's-eye with its V-ring. However, we don't confine ourselves to one style. We are supreme in the small bore, the military and the free rifle game. A lot of our people are top notchers at all three styles! Fundamentally, then, our methods are sound. If they weren't we wouldn't be where we are.

As a matter of fact, however, the shape of the bull's-eye is only one of the many factors in the game. It isn't the bull's-eye we are aiming at so much as it is the development of the game. The big idea is to get the largest number of people possible interested and active in it. To this end we should promote all styles simultaneously. This we are doing in a rational manner and our success will be in accord with our efforts.

# The International Small-bore Rifle

By Lieut. G. L. Wotkyns

**A** GAIN American riflemen have, at the eleventh hour, appealed for a particular type of rifle upon which they can pin their faith against the best of other lands. In true American fashion the situation was met, so that when the small bore riflemen representing the United States face the best of Europe's marksmen in the Olympic Matches they will be equipped with a .22-caliber match weapon of superlative accuracy, and one which embodies many radical, though proven practical, departures from previous types. This is the contribution of the Ordnance Department, U. S. Army, to the cause of American marksmanship.

In spite of his cranky ways, the dyed-in-the-wool shooter is an appreciative sort of a chap. It's true he will at times "cuss out" the Ordnance Department of his army in loud and raucous tones, but in the main he's the staunchest friend the Department has and is ever ready to back up good work with appropriate action. Therefore, knowing this to be true, the government arsenals are always willing to help the shooter solve his problems.

Groups tell the rifle to a rifeman better than anything else. These are average results obtained during the tests with the new International Match Caliber .22 Rifles

The target is a composite of the fifty shots. The groups are ten-shot targets, five groups being taken with each rifle. Ammunition used, N. R. A. of U. S. manufacture



The New .22-Caliber International. Can you tell it from its big brother, the .30-caliber, heavy barrel Match Rifle? While in this photograph the bolt handle appears different, it is due to the fact that it was not fully closed when the picture was made.

Only a few short weeks ago word was received at Springfield that the International Rifle Team had designs on the 50-Meter Match shot with caliber .22 rifles in the off-hand position. This information, most interesting to be sure, was immediately followed up by the bland and child like suggestion that the Armory furnish the rear works of the weapon while someone else would supply the business end.

It may have been a clever ruse, this proposal that barrels would be forthcoming from the Nemo Arms Company and still it may have been a perfectly honest suggestion: but be that as it may, it started a train of action that has finally resulted in turning out twelve of the most remarkable rifles in point of accuracy, balance and general fitness for the special work at hand that has ever been produced since the small bore game entered the lists of rifle marksmanship.

These rifles weigh approximately fourteen pounds and are in every respect counterparts of their twin brothers the caliber .30 free rifles. With the exception of the set triggers, special butt plates, palm rests adjustable sling swivels and special sights these rifles were manufactured throughout at Springfield Armory in the record time of fifteen days.

The afore mentioned Scheutzen trimmings or gadgets, relics of those happy days when beer, pretzels and limberger meant so much to the success of the off-hand rifle game, were fabricated at the Marine Small Arms Arsenal and Armory, Philadelphia, Penna., this marine treasure house being in charge of that jovial, wise and exceedingly successful International Rifle Team Captain, Maj. L. W. T. Waller U. S. M. C. I have heard great tales of that Marine Arsenal and have often wished to take a peep, but so far without success. I'll bet it's got right up to the minute machines, too, and plenty of extra parts. My informant, although he is not a Marine himself is nevertheless a tremendous admirer of that splendid Corps and he waxed eloquent upon the really complete equipment this Marine Small Arms plant had.

Said he, "Do you know, they got that plant up and going on practically no cash whatever." He went into further details too complicated for my simple mind but the gist of the thing was that it was a bully good little plant and capable of turning out fine work which I can positively say is so, for I have handled some of it in the past three years and it is good.

It was the original intention that Major Waller's Marine rifle makers would also make

the stock, a special affair, having a rather full, high comb, extenuated pistol grip and fore-end of beaver-tailed section. However, after many weighty and deliberate palavers it was finally decided to

heed the dire predictions handed out by our now thoroughly excited and intensely interested heads of the various manufacturing departments, and go into this special rifle business right up to the neck; "for," said Mr. Callahan, foreman of the machine shops: "It's bad business making a rifle on the installment plan and I never saw it work yet."

Immediately thereafter Dave Turner, foreman of the barrel shops, opined Mr. Callahan spoke truly and well and that he, Mr. Turner, would not attempt to state just how those barrels would shoot in a stock made by any one else, even if a Marine did do the job.

But all this was as nothing compared to the stupendous eruption which burst upon our ears as Mr. Crowel, with double shotguns unloaded upon us. "Now," said Mr. Crowel, foreman of the woodworking shops, "if you expect those stocks to get here on time, you

are all candidates for a guardian, but even supposing that those wood butchers did get the work out, we will have to spend the better part of a week re-vamping the bally things. No indeed, we should do the job right here and then we know that it will be done right and on time."

And so it was decided we would make the stocks and a most pious thing it was that we did, for the making of a special weapon entails features little dreamed of at the moment and unless one is fortunate enough to have at hand a skilled and experienced force sorrow is in store for him. Fifteen minutes later clouds of sawdust hid the sun as Mr. Crowel and his gang hurled themselves upon the task of turning out twelve hand made stocks in seven days, six men on the job; they did it too. And beautiful stocks they are.

Even before the stock conclave Dave Turner, barrel foreman, and it's doubtful if there is a cannier person in the world today on small arms barrel boring, had gathered from the storehouse a selected lot of blanks known for their fine texture and smooth cutting qualities. Now, Dave, who would certainly have made a most successful Marine for he has the happy faculty of anticipating eventualities, came to the conclusion that matters had suf-





Above: The improved firing mechanism of the Model 1922, .22-Caliber Magazine Rifle. A view also of the bolt. The bolts for the International rifles are numbered to correspond with the serial number of the rifle, which is etched upon the bolt in its assembled position so that one of the numerals of the serial combination is bisected by the two halves of the bolt, thus preventing an interchange of parts by the careless rifleman. Above to right: The new magazine is now of flush form.

Below: Four of the men responsible for the new rifle. Left to right, F. A. Landry, expert rifler; Dave Turner, expert barrel maker; John O'Neill, armory foreman; and John Callahan, foreman of the machine shop.



ficiently warmed up to warrant advance action. This prompt move on his part made it possible for those twelve barrels to get into the hands of the assembly shops in ample time for Al Woodworth, dean of all the rifle testers and a wise old fox, to put them through their paces on May 5th, the final day of the show down.

It might be well to state before we go further with our story, that Major Waller realizing the situation fully, had sent on to the Armory, one of the free rifles in caliber .30 of the type with which the International Team are equipped and with which so many of the riflemen at Perry last year are familiar. This rifle was used as a model. The barrel was studied by Mr. Turner and Mr. Callahan whilst the stock was turned over to Mr. Crowel and his woodworking crew for measurements and the like.

It was found that this caliber .30 barrel was thirty inches long and weighed just seven pounds. At this juncture Mr. Callahan advanced the scientific opinion that he could calculate to a nicety just the dimensions of a barrel in caliber .22 which would weigh to a cat's whisker and balance to a frog's hair its counterpart, the caliber .30 barrel.

At this very astounding exposition—and I have not the slightest doubt Callahan could do it too, for he can unwind the most confounded and complex jobs I ever saw and do it too, without ever losing that bully good Irish temper of his,—Al Woodworth exploded

results in the annals of small arms manufacture and Springfield Armory has very many of them to its credit. The present improved caliber .22 rifle situation is the direct outcome of this safe and sane policy and the weapons is going to make as great a name for itself as has the caliber .30, Model of 1903.

These International Match rifles, caliber .22 are equipped with a barrel thirty inches in length with a dimension at the butt of the barrel about  $1\frac{1}{4}$  inches in diameter tapering to within about  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inches of the muzzle to  $9/10$  of an inch, from this point to the muzzle the barrel is stepped down to an approximate diameter of  $3/4$  of an inch in order to take the Browning Rifle front stud. This stud makes a very suitable front sight bracket and at the same time greatly reduces the cost. This barrel weighs when completed about seven pounds.

The rifling has six grooves. This was done in the statement, so glibly propounded by the automotive industry that "sixes are better than fours"—there is no other reason for it. And while we are on this particular and always interesting subject to the rifleman, it may as well be stated right now that it is a mistake to suppose that the accuracy of a rifle

with a bang and the withering remark that practice and theory are poor bed fellows when it comes to fashioning rifle barrels.

Said Al: "We will turn this barrel down till we think it's about right and then we'll weigh it, for this thing has got to be right." This we did and the first or sample weapon was like its caliber .30 mate that a blindfolded rifleman could not tell which caliber weapon he had to his shoulder.

And now from the sample weapon to the final completion of the dozen rifles the work went on smoothly and well thanks to Maj. Earl McFarland, C. O., who wisely realized that everything was being done that could be done, supervised by those thoroughly conversant with the situation. This happy faculty of placing full confidence in ones subordinates has been reflected in some of the most splendid

depends only on the rifling, though it has been asserted by men of experience who should have known better than to make such a statement. The rifling of course, is of great importance, but in the production of a superfine rifle for match purposes the adjustment of every part requires the greatest care that can possibly be taken.

These particular rifles were fabricated with such care and consummate skill that it was unnecessary to even straighten them. The bores are true cylinders and so wonderfully uniform are they that a slug pushed through from breech to muzzle or the reverse gives not the slightest indication of an increase or decrease in the pressure required to make this test. The finish would lead one to the conclusion that lapping had been resorted to but



this is a practice absolutely taboo at Springfield Armory.

The writer has examined many, many rifle barrels in caliber .22 and in all his experience has never viewed more beautiful work. These barrels are bored to a particular dimension best suited to the minimum displacement of the bullet and which is the outcome of a large number of trials. The pitch is one turn in sixteen inches which is, of course, the standard; this point also was thoroughly tried out although it was pretty well understood that little if any gain would be forthcoming.

The chamber and "lead"—the "lead" is the cone which connects the chamber with the rifling—has received a great deal of study and been made the subject of many experiments, and the result is startling as the sample targets will show, although they are not by any means the best, being only average.

These statements may sound trite but when



Above: Two other members of the .22-caliber Springfield family. Upper gun, the outdoor match, small bore, .22-caliber, weight 10½ lbs. Lower gun, the Model 1922 .22-caliber, weight 8½ pounds.

Below: Mr. Crowel, veteran stocker and his crew working on the new .22-caliber stocks.



a perfectly disinterested person, a man who is considered one of the foremost ammunition experts in the world and an authority on ignition, stated flatly that he had never in his years of experience seen such consistently remarkable, uniform and compact targets from the whole series of rifles, there is certainly something to think about.

The striker action has been entirely changed and a single point is now used instead of the old double pointed type. This new striker is assembled to the firing pin rod in the identical fashion all know so well on the Model of 1903 rifle, caliber .30. This makes for a more rigid and positive action and immediately improves the shooting. The striker is located anew so that it strikes a clean, positive blow at the same time increasing the area of the impact considerably.

Ignition plays a big part in the success of the little twenty-two, it has a great deal to do with the success of any cartridge for that matter but the twenty-two is such a vile little crank in this respect that nothing must be left undone on this score. It is really uncanny how a perfectly hopeless shooter can be made

into a carton maker through the simple expedient of a slightly longer striker or a slightly stronger mainspring or a bolt which breeches 'up a bit tighter.

Changing bolts on a bolt action .22 is about the most unfortunate and pitiful thing the tyro can do, he may improve his rifle by so doing but he's sure to ruin the other chap's rifle. Changing or swapping bolts should stamp the person resorting to it as a fit candidate for drastic action. While on this subject of ignition it might be of interest to remark that it has now been pretty well disclosed what it is that causes a .22 rifle to throw its shots from right to left or in that general direction.

Many high-sounding theories and what not have been propounded for this puzzling situation but when all is said and done it is quite apparent that the actual ignition is not far wrong for otherwise the shots would be in the vertical not the horizontal plane. In the new Springfield caliber .22 uniform and cylindrical groups no longer occasion excitement, that condition is reversed.

These International Match rifles, caliber .22 are furnished with a short throw firing mech-

anism, the travel of the striker being reduced fully one-half. This was done at the special request of the team captain, Major Waller, who was desirous, so far as possible, to duplicate the action of the caliber .30 International Rifles. The effort is successful although in the standard weapon shortly to appear this reduced striker time will not be attempted, the improved mechanism being now so well balanced and lightened that this expedient is more fancied than real.

Magazines are not supplied with these rifles as the special palm rest occupies the room ordinarily taken up by the magazine. However, a new magazine is now to be furnished with the model shortly to appear for general marksmanship small bore training. This magazine will be of the flush type and will hold five cartridges. It is soundly and rigidly constructed and adds considerably to the trim appearance of the piece. These magazines will interchange with the earlier model.

The set triggers furnished with these International Match rifles caliber .22 are identical with those used upon the caliber .30 match rifles of that name. They are manufactured at Wallers laboratory, mentioned earlier in this screed, and are the fastest set up known to date. Aberdeen Proving Ground at the instigation of the Ordnance Department recently made a series of most interesting and conclusive experiments with the best known types of set triggers and the type furnished upon the caliber .30 and caliber .22 International Match rifles have this exceedingly fast, simple and easily manufactured trigger, the invention of a Marine.

We will now take up that part of the discussion of a rifle that always interests the shooter to the exclusion of all else, it is, the actual performance, the ability to place those shots within the carton or ten-ring time after time and with deadly regularity. On May 5th there was assembled a select gathering of the clan to witness the truth or otherwise of the behavior of this new .22, forerunner of a future product. Fortunately this gathering was prevented from becoming too serious and overweighty with the importance of its job by having in its midst a really first class and mighty near authentic edition of the famous team so well known to the fun loving public as "Potash and Pearlmutt." This happy situation, a Scotch-Irish combination, in which the Ordnance Department was mighty well represented in the Scotch line especially,

was ably seconded by a Marine Corps official internationally known for his apt and strikingly natural stories of latest coinage.

Taking his stand at the business end of the machine rest Mr. A. L. Woodworth, E. T. (Engineer of Tests, a degree conferred upon him by the Chinese Imperial O. D.) gentle this cranky device with such consummate skill that three hundred and forty-nine shots out of three hundred and fifty found their sticking place within the one-inch carton or ten ring of the fifty-yard N. R. A. bull's-eye. This work represented the consecutive firing of seven rifles, each rifle firing five ten-shot groups. The last weapon fired, having just come from the assembly shops blew out on its fiftieth shot for a nipper nine. Had this rifle been tuned up a bit by some additional firing undoubtedly the harsh and still feather edge of the rifling would have been removed and this one unaccountable shot have been missing.

As it was, the performance was so remarkable and conclusive that all doubt as to the truth that the Armory had really produced something fine was conceded. Some days later the balance of the weapons were put through their paces and every one without the slightest trouble placed their string of fifty shots within the carton at fifty yards.

And so we have twelve super match rifles which succeeded in placing 599 x 600 shots within the charmed circle. Such a test of rifles and ammunition any manufacturer would be proud of.

It was freely stated that this outcome would have been thought impossible had it not been demonstrated beyond a question of doubt. It speaks volumes for the perfectly uncanny manner in which the long rifle cartridge is now fabricated. A rifle is no better than its ammunition, assuming of course that the weapon is of undoubted worth. The struggle between the arms maker and the ammunition manufacturer is a keen one. At the present time I would say that the fight is somewhat in favor of the ammunition maker. It bodes well for the future of American small bore shooting that there is about to be placed in the hands of the organized rifleman of this country a small bore weapon fully capable of scoring the highest possible if held truly and well provided suitable ammunition is available. That this right kind of ammunition is here, there is not the slightest doubt and in a comparatively short time millions of rounds will be available.

The cuts and groups illustrating this article will in a measure give an idea of what has been accomplished. In the cut illustrating the rifles, the upper weapon is the new International Match Rifle, caliber .22; the middle view is an experimental Outdoor Match rifle in caliber .22, this rifle has a 30-inch 5½-pound barrel, latest firing mechanism and magazine, while the butt plate is an experimental one of aluminum; the lower cut shows the Model of 1922, caliber .22 which embodies the latest improvement, namely: improved striker mechanism, improved chamber and lead, six groove rifling, flush magazine and Lyman rear sights graduated to one-half minutes. In another photograph is shown a close-up of

this improved firing mechanism and the new magazine.

The groups tell their own story. The writer has tested the .22 for years at fifty and one hundred yards especially. Consistent shooting within the one-inch carton at fifty yards and the two-inch carton at 100 yards was seldom reached with this, too, from the machine rest. The carton subtends two minutes of angle, which is theoretically the measure of the best possible grouping of a good rifle and good ammunition.

"As a matter of fact, at 25 yards, a good rifle is capable of better than this, and at 100 yards it is doubtful whether any but the very best rifles with the most perfect ammunition will do better than a group that is nearer three inches than two. The best rifles constantly make smaller groups than two inches (10 shots) from the shoulder, but they are only



"Al" Woodworth tested the International .22's, which shooting resulted in the most consistently remarkable groups ever made with small bore rifles.

occasionally centered in the carton to secure a possible."

The quotations are those of one of Britain's most famous shots and ballistic experts and until recently clearly expressed the capabilities of the .22 rifle and its little cartridge, I think we are on the eve of a greatly improved performance and I see no reason why Springfield Armory can not duplicate and place in quantity production such a rifle.

The question of barrel stiffness has, to some extent, a beneficial action on the size of the group. However, the present standard 24-inch barrel for the Model of 1922, caliber .22 delivers the bullet shot after shot well within the cartons of the 50- and 100-yard small bore targets in the most unerring manner. This barrel weighs about three pounds ten ounces and in my opinion is thoroughly reliable and stiff. The length has little if anything at all to do with the accuracy, a 24-inch barrel will give the same satisfactory results as will one of 26, 28, 30, or 32 inches; it is mainly one of individual comfort and most shooters find the shorter barrel for all positions more satisfactory. Personally I prefer a rather heavy barrel and a rather long one but my hobby is

prone work with the glass sight.

There are several other points which I should like to mention before I forget them, one of them is the advisability of not employing the magazine in slow fire competitions. The magazine of the .22 is placed there for a purpose and that purpose is largely for rapid fire work on targets especially designed for that kind of shooting. When the shooter is required to fire on the slow fire targets he should learn to use the weapon as a single shot only, this will accomplish a double object, that of safety and dead accuracy.

The question of safety is apparent at the outset while that of accuracy is not always so apparent. Lead is a very soft metal as we all know. Scratches or burrs upon the bullet are bound to occur no matter how cleverly the box type of magazine is constructed. When we retract the bolt in order to eject the fired case we are more than likely to injure to a greater or less extent the very soft little lead bullet and this is to be avoided, of course. Were the little .22 cased in a manner similar to its big brother, the caliber .30 bullet with its tough and rather hard envelope of copper we could ignore this situation.

The wise rifleman will always insert by hand his little cartridge when he is firing in those competitions requiring the utmost in everything that will lead to victory. Don't curse out the magazine or the rifle if you insist on using that method of loading at those times when a magazine is of no real importance.

And I might mention another very important condition and one not as well appreciated as it deserves, it is this, the temperature of your long rifle ammunition must be held to a figure not one whit under sixty degrees (seventy degrees is ideal) and by all means not over ninety degrees. This may prove difficult at times. There is nothing particularly scientific about this only a little common sense. The lubricant of your .22 bullet is one of the most important items in its make up, harden it and it will distort the bullet at moment of graving into the rifling, soften it and the bullet slithers to the utter destruction of all accuracy. Remember these little things they mean much to your ultimate success.

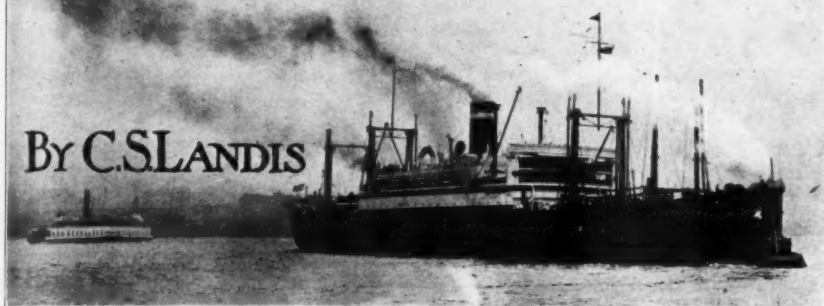
No wonder our British cousins and many of the prominent marksmen of continental Europe remark upon the ideal cooperation between the U. S. Army Ordnance Department and its riflemen. It is this splendid spirit of enthusiasm and interest that bodes well for that period when America will again be a nation of riflemen.

I wish you could have been with me through the various departments and talked with the men in the shops. They are as keenly alive to this question of boring a hole through the target as you are. I thought I had an option on this enthusiasm business but I find I'm a poor second in the race. They will want to know in good old America why our International riflemen fail to land the bacon although they can't just see how that's going to happen. This .22 business interests them hugely because they realize the race is to the swift not only in the game of marksmanship but in the far more intricate one of manufacture.



# THE GANG "SHOVES OFF"

By C.S. LANDIS



PIER 4 of the United States Steamship Lines at Hoboken was the scene of one of the most enthusiastic send-offs ever given American shooting teams when the Olympic Rifle and Pistol aggregations assembled on the upper deck of the U. S. S. President Harding at noon, Wednesday, May 28.

On the south side of the dock lay the 30,000-ton liner all ready for the voyage. On the north side was one of the big converted German steamers. On the dock itself were a thousand or more relatives and friends of the shooting teams, the U.S. Balloon Team, and the other passengers who made the voyage as well as a bang-up band, which deserves a word to itself.

When word was received that the teams were to sail on the President Harding, no bands were available. But Rear Admiral C. P. Plunkett, of the Brooklyn Navy Yard didn't propose to see any crowd of American riflemen go without a proper send-off. He therefore turned out his blue-jacket band.

There must have been a terrible epidemic of sudden deaths among grandmothers in New York City the day before, because nearly every well-known rifle and pistol shot in that vicinity was on hand to see the teams and, eventually, these rooters got on board. They walked the gangplank with never so much as a backward glance, but a fervent prayer, nevertheless, that the plank would be there when they wished to get off, for the President Harding draws twenty-eight feet of water and the main deck rides about that far above the surface.

The main deck of the steamer was soon as busy as a five-ring circus. The pistol team under Dr. R. H. Sayre, of New York City, and the rifle team under Major Waller were lined up in the middle of a roped-in ring and photographed and re-photographed by twelve or fifteen press representatives and numberless amateurs until everyone was tired. Then it was suddenly discovered that one of the shooters was missing and another had forgotten to take off his hat—two unexpected incidents that made it necessary to take the rifle team photographs all over again.

But at last the job was properly accomplished and all the wives, number one girls, spectators, correspondents, visitors and others not making the trip, were chased back across the gangplank and after a short delay, the ropes were cast off and the President Harding backed out into the Hudson, swung around and headed for the three-mile limit while the band played gayly; whistles tooted, everyone on the boat and the pier cheered or otherwise, as they happened to feel, and Messrs. Waller and Sayre drew prolonged sighs of relief. The teams were started and that was that. For another week nothing to worry over in the way of lost shooters, mislaid passports, scrambled baggage, hard luck tales, worried wives and mothers. The teams were safely on their way.

There is something odd about a boat sailing that one never sees anywhere else in this country except in war times. There is a noticeable tension, a feeling of expectancy and both a hope and a dread for the immediate future that grips the passengers and particularly the relatives, which gives one a true insight into the hold that home ties and the homeland mean to the average American. To hear a good many people talk nowadays, one

THE "HARDING" WITH THE TEAMS ON BOARD  
BACKING OUT INTO NEW YORK HARBOR

(Title Cut)

THE RIFLE TEAM ON THE "HARDING"  
(Below)

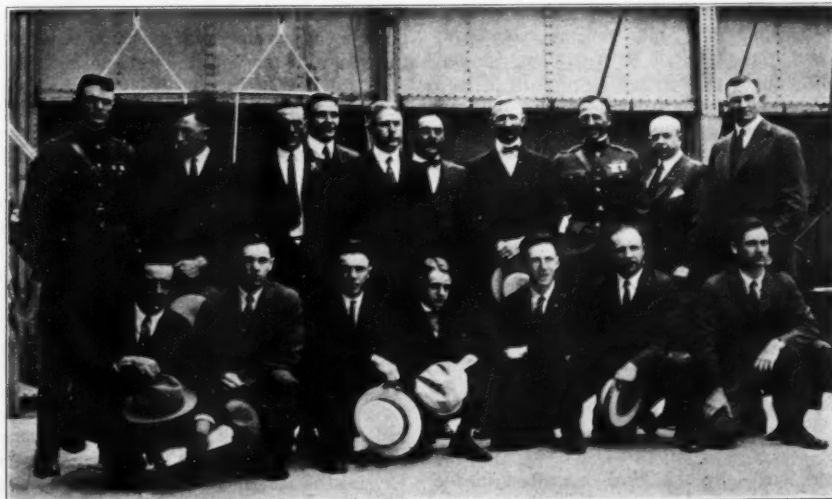
Front Row: Capt. Brewster, R. C. Stokes, Coulter, Dinwiddie, Crockett, Landrock, W. R. Stokes.  
Back Row: Lieut. Hinds, Fisher, Fenton, Gen. Phillips, Col. Stodter, Major Waller, Cy Osburn, Major Boles, Jack Dooley, John Grier.

All photos by Author

would think that the Land of Freedom lies three miles east instead of three miles west of the Statue of Liberty. But when a man realizes that for some time to come he has eaten his last meal in America and probably the only real one for a week or so, and that he is on his way, three thousand miles across the (to him) unknown Atlantic—he feels pretty small and insignificant, and, in some cases, rather insecure and empty below the neck.

It was a thoughtful but earnest crowd that we sent abroad on the President Harding. It was also what many believe to be the fastest shooting aggregation of pistol and rifle shots that has ever represented the United States on foreign soil. There was both experience and budding skill to choose from. You don't need to go far in the shooting game nor talk to many people until you meet someone who knows of Morris Fisher, Walter Stokes, Doctor Calkins, Major Frazer, Lieutenants Whaling and Andino, or "Old" Cy Osburn—"old" in experience and knowledge that comes from six International and Pan American Competitions.

And then there are the new shots. Men whom you may not know so well by reputation but who are all there, nevertheless, when it comes to making bull's-eyes in a pinch. There is John Grier, for instance, the writer's home-club team mate, who got on the team on a last day spurt, and who promptly shot himself from twelfth to fourth position in the individual averages in the next week's practice at Quantico. Grier has always been a "money shooter." At Camp Perry he shoots in the prize list in about seven-eighths of all the rifle matches. He is a splendid prone shot, is essentially an iron-sight shooter, and is a whiz at rapid fire. Since taking up the heavy free rifle, a week before (Continued on Page 16)



# Cleaning Rifles

By Chauncey Thomas

**T**IS an old subject—seldom done. Rifle-making in America would come nearly to a standstill if rifles were cleaned. Few guns of any kind are used up—shot out—99 out of 100 are *abused* up, either with too much file and hammer or too little rag and rod. They usually pit out, not shoot out. This everyone knows.

Just to be odd, like shaving one's head on one side, I clean my guns. *Clean* them. When I lay a gun down as clean, next day or next week a rag wet with any ammonia compound comes out *white*, with not a tint of blue or green, or black—copper, nickel or lead.

Recently I sent a box of '06 Remington Hi-Speeds down a trifle rough, not pitted, box magazine, 24-inch, takedown Winchester, and had something to do for three evenings. Now I believe in the eight hour system more or less—more for the other fellow, less for myself—and went on a strike and to the chemical house. Came home with a baby drug store and mixed with that boxgun. It is now clean.

Meanwhile, I experimented a bit. Now I am no chemist—just a writerman—so if some chemical man with a chunk of the alphabet trailing his name finds I am wrong, take pity on the ignorant but rashly venturesome, and correct me right here in merciless cold print. The object of this article is not to spread information, for there is not a self-supporting educational institution in the world, never has been one and never will be one—Anyway, my sole object here is to start something.

I have been reading the gun papers half a life time and more, and of late years I have seen nothing practical all in one place about my troubles of late—blue and green and brown stains on gunrags and how to remove them before they get on. Truly, here and there is a vague reference to "dope" but almost always in connection with Camp Perry—not much said about other kinds of camps where rifles grow.

Bottled goods in camp are for internal purposes, in humans, I've observed—also partook in the good old times—not internal usage for guns. Can't pack liquid ammonia, you know. So we read that item with half an eye and turn over the page.

I got my formula from Newton's catalogue, thus—Stronger ammonia (presumably 28%), 1 fluid ounce am., carbonate, 25 grains., am. dichromate, 5 grains, am. per-sulphate, 50 grains. Well and good. Then my infernal troubles began. The last three above are crystals. And they don't dissolve in a hurry. So after throwing out one mess tearfully, I ground the tree powders together in a railroad coffee cup with a cold chisel reversed for a mortar, and got a nice pinkish flour that would do in a pinch for cake-eater complexion help. This mixed better, but not well enough to pour in the barrel. The liquid went in, some of it, the rest down the outside of the works and soaked into my pants, and some of the pink dough—by this time—remained in the

old cream jug. So I tried it again.

Wet barrel inside with rag and rod, corked back door, poured dry powder down its mouth, the way we used to fix sick horses, then poured in the bottled tear bombs, with the help of a ten-cent tin funnel. Filled barrel full too soon, and wet my pants again. Soaked out about one-fourth inch of the dope from the muzzle by absorbing it with a cleaning rag, held muzzle cork over opening a moment till ammonia fumes drove out the air, then slowly pressed muzzle cork firmly home. Figured it would about reach the fluid and pressure would drive ammonia fumes in former air space into liquid. It did, also pressed out the rear cork, and I got one foot wet. Changed sox and took a smoke.

Did it again. Held rear cork firmly on the floor this time, till all was snug. Scheme worked. But somewhere I read that "the first five minutes did 90% of the work" and that "half an hour was plenty." After aforesaid half hour I dried out, cried, and tested with white rag wet with Crystal Cleaner. Much better, but still just a little blue. So was I went to bed.

Next night, being now an expert, I had no worries and let it stand two hours. Not a trace of a tint on the test rag. Hoppe for two days, not a trace of metal stain then either. Hoppe gives a dull slightly brownish stain by itself, of course. Cross checked on this, and other things occasionally, by testing on rags outside of gun barrel.

But I still had that bottle. In fear that lots of soulful reformers cannot tell the difference between good boot and 28%,—how can they if they never tasted good liquor?—I began to scout for something dry to take its place. I have not yet completed my homely and homemade tests—Alphabetic Expert please take notice—but it seems so far that common household powdered ammonia, Britt's or Ammo, when mixed dry with the other three powders, all four ground up together fine to make just one powder, mixed with a chaser—water—gives the same results, but probably somewhat slower, as the regulation formula with the unpackable liquid ammonia.

Also, it seemed evident that Crystal Cleaner is nothing but the aforesaid stronger (28%) ammonia saturated with crystals in solution of Ammonium Persulphate. Crystal Cleaner costs 25 cents a bottle of three ounces, and the home mixture costs about 5 cents for the same amount. Quite a saving. Crystal Cleaner all night, or for an hour, in a barrel will not remove metal fouling. I figured out the reason due to a gummy like blue deposit on the surface of the metal, formed in a few moments, that keeps the rest of the solution from acting. The other two powders seem to dissolve this blue affair as soon as formed, leaves the whole dope mixture greenish clear, hence it eats up all the metal. Hot water, steel wool, W. R. A. rust remover, Hoppe, Crystal Cleaner, and all the rest of the clean-

ing affairs I have tried will not remove or even reasonably lessen metal fouling.

The advertisements and sundry Biblical catalogues say that copperish bullets will not metal foul a rifle. They will. Three metal fouled here in Denver this week, two guns with that infernal Hi-Speed stuff and one with 2,700 ft. sec., 180 boat-tail copper bullets. Two barrels a bit rough, one barrel perfect inside.

As for lead, I know of no chemical that will remove it except acetone and mercury under some conditions. Steel wool seems the surest. Of course emery dust will cut out anything, including the barrel itself, so that is purposely omitted here.

Now I found that some loads with black and lead cleaned easily, and the other loads—same powder and same bullets, and same gun—took sometimes hours to clean. After a long hunt I discovered the very simple fact that lubricants containing any grease that *comes out of the ground*, such as paraffine or vaseline, burn to asphalt, which water will not touch, and only oil will slowly soften so that it takes dozens of rags to get it out. All animal greases burn to animal charcoal that wipes out easily. Hence I promptly banished all lubricant with any ground-greases in it, and since then have had no brownish-gummy barrels with lead bullets. Beeswax obtained from many places is adulterated with paraffine, so beware. One thinks he has a purely animal grease, such as mutton tallow hardened with store beeswax, but really has also paraffine, from the ground, and that stubborn brownish deposit in the barrel. Buy a comb of honey, split it in two, let it drain, throw the empty comb into hot water to melt it and dissolve remaining honey, get the mutton tallow direct from the butchershop, and try it out yourself. To soften in winter, add lard. Nothing better than pure mutton tallow, the beeswax is added merely to harden it. A drop or so of carbolic acid tends to preserve it, and carbolic "acid" is not an acid, remember, except in name only, and will not affect the steel if used in the lubricant.

Tis better to avoid than to do cleaning, hence this digression about keeping "ground-greases" out of gun barrels.

One can, I believe, grind up the four powders of ammonia mentioned herein, and thus easily take them on a hunting trip. My Winchester with clean barrel will make about three-inch groups at 100 yards with the right loads, of course, and with same loads over metal fouling it would not make better than eight-inch groups at ten yards. Now this may happen on any hunting trip at any time. A perfect barrel may get damp, or even rain soaked, or stay under water in a lake or stream a day or so, hence may metal foul readily, hence the need of a dose of powders, if one would hit at 500 yards with his eyes shut.

We will now hear from the chemists. You'll find me under the bed.



# AFRICAN SAFARI NOTES

## BY G.D. POPE



Title Cut: Safari porters engaging in the "lion dance" to celebrate the big kill

YOU know how it is with us when we locate country in which there is really the game we seek, and the zest that runs through the camp following the first kill. For weeks we had been fairly starving for lion and here, after days of marching over rocky hills, beating tangled thickets and maneuvering around through the tall grass, skirting donga edges, was the certainty that lion were about, and in the camp, to bring good luck, the welcome sight of the fundis squatted near their fires working at night over the fresh lion skin.

All three of us wanted to go out in the morning in order to hunt up my lioness and possibly other new lion which were in all probability hanging around in the new territory we had tapped, where a number of little seepholes broke out along the face of a limestone ridge and formed a succession of tiny green spots in the depressions, scattered over several miles, which ran down this comb toward the river.

However, ours had not been the only excitement of the previous day, for Torrey and Mershon, hunting with Lucy, had come upon buffalo and wounded a big bull, which had broken away from the river jungles and led them a long chase on the far side of the stony ridge which lay back of our camp, but lost them at nightfall a half mile or more to the east of my return trail.

It was voted that Lucy should take up this spoor in the morning—possibly finding the animal dead, or prove, as it turned out, that his wound was not fatal, in which case he would—as he did—make back for the cover of the thick brush along the river. This was a dangerous and delicate job, of course, and one which Lucy could handle better by himself with no tenderfoot blunderer to upset his careful trailing. With this settled, we turned in for a long deep sleep, to be ready for a hard day on the morrow.

This deep and pleasant sleep was interrupted along about one o'clock in the morning, for I became aware of voices outside the tent—perhaps one sleeps lightly after a day with lion. At all events, I understood in a moment that Lucy was up. I jumped out of bed, thrust my feet into slippers and, taking up my heavy double rifle, stepped out into the moonlight.

The night was clear and though our tents were in the shade of the towering palms above us, I could see the olive green color of their fantastic foliage, so strong was the moonlight. The askari, whose nightly duty is to keep the camp fires going, stood beside Lucy, who also had his double rifle in his hands and pointed to our left. As I joined them Lucy said, "There is something just outside, let's see what it is." We made our way carefully between the tent cords and out under the low branches of the palms until we stood on the edge of the shadow, looking out on the moonlit plain, and there about sixty yards away two enormous beasts, blurred in outline but about the size of a rhinoceros stood, evidently observing our campfire.

We watched them for a moment and Lucy said, "I think they are buffalo, don't you want to take a crack at one of them?" I could see now that they had the long, heavy rectangular lines of the buffalo, but it was quite impossible to tell whether they were cows or bulls; and it occurred to me that the middle of the night was not a particularly good time to take on these formidable brutes even if the light were good enough to shoot by, so I shook my head, and at that instant the two animals snorted, possibly catching our scent, wheeled and galloped off at a terrific pace toward the brush on the other side of the plain.

It seems that the uneasiness among our mules, which were corralled for safety inside our palm grove, had first called the attention of the askari to the presence of some wandering beast, and he immediately awakened Bwana Lucy to report. I had scarcely gotten well asleep again when there was a second light alarm which did not seem to awaken anybody but Lucy and myself, and this time from the other side of the camp beyond the cook's fires. Again we crept to the edge of our shadow, and looked out on the open plain between ourselves and the rocky ridge. There, plainly in the moonlight we now saw two more great bulks; but there was no mistaking the upstanding horns from the great snouts, for they were a pair of rhino. They had come down off the hill to within perhaps fifty yards

of the camp and stood there sniffing and suspicious. Presently they wheeled and trotted slowly back to the ridge and disappeared among the brush and boulders at its foot.

It is not at all unusual for the brutes to charge right through the sleeping camp, and it is said that the white tents seem to provoke their wrath, or they mistake them for some threatening enemy and promptly overrun and trample them. The visit was in this case entirely peaceful, but it made me realize the necessity of following Lucy's advice to keep the big doubles loaded and tied to the front tent pole or standing beside the head of one's bed when sleeping in these outlying districts. Once more "to bed" as says the worthy Pepys—and this time for keeps.

The world was still grey when we snuffed our candles and made for the dining shed to lay in a hearty breakfast of oatmeal and coffee, with oryx liver and bacon on the side. As we came out after the meal, one of the boys appeared with Oulton's mongrel dog pack in leash, and our gun boys lined up with the heavy rifles waiting silently for us under the thorn tree beside the tent. My old web belt was full of 180-grain soft-nosed Springfield ammunition, and hung like a bandolier over Umseni's shoulders, and I carried a short loop holder of twelve rounds on my own belt in addition to the pouch of hard-nosed which was always kept there for emergencies.

The sun was warming the pink crests of our dolomite signal rock as we breasted the ridge which led to it, and the air blowing mildly in our faces was cool and fragrant, with occasional puffs from the flowering mimosa in the valley to which we descended. The little mules were with us, but we all walked up over the hill, as it was the hangout of a number of old rhino and its thick brush cover was the sort of place in which one does not care to meet rhinos when on mule back. It was in the valley of the little plain we were now crossing that we had seen a herd of seven or eight giraffe the night before, as we came in, and we now caught sight of a lone towering neck feeding in a thicket of small trees a quarter of a mile below where we came down the ridge.

On the far side of the plains there was a sharp ascent, and then a tableland beautiful

to the eye in its great reach of yellow grass, but dreadful to the feet because of its concealed volcanic debris, so thickset and dense in its deposit that the foot could scarcely find space to touch the ground between the boulders of all sizes.

We had discovered a native track across this on a previous passage, but though we made a detour down the valley in order to strike it, we lost it part way across the plateau, for we were heading toward the Yellow Hill, the shining landmark of the locality from which we hoped to spy out again the plains and the reedbeds. I never knew just how long it took to cross these two miles or so of plateau, but each time we all swore we would never do it again if we could help it.

Finally we came to its edge and descended some twenty or thirty feet, to a level of a wide boulder-studded wash or donga, running parallel to the brink and extending perhaps a couple of hundred yards, then our feet came out upon the pleasant hard-baked adobe clay of a flat that ran, almost naked of vegetation, but also, thank Heaven, naked of stones, clear to the foot of the hill. The previous day I had automatically paced it, making it 900-odd paces between the wash and the hill's foot. The shooting light in Africa misleads one so about distances that we had all practiced pacing distances to correct our eye and this I consider a very useful thing to do in any new country, and it certainly proved so to us this day.

The sun was now a hand's span above the horizon and we felt the first intimation of its peculiar African power, even dressed as we were in cotton khaki shirts rather than in the flannel ones we had been wearing earlier on the trip. Oulton, with the three of us beside him, had now mounted and headed for the opening of the well-defined native track which ran along the hill's slope, and we were just about abreast of its shoulder when out of the grass some 100 yards to our left rose a noisy, flapping band of vultures, and we knew that there lay a kill, and in the early morning like this it was quite possible that a lion might be near the carcass, so we swung off our beasts and hurried, stumbling over stones, toward the spot, in open order and ready for action.

The long yellow grass grew sparsely but was up to our waists and made good cover for lion or leopard, so we moved with caution, but presently there was a scurrying, and out into a clear spot ran a pair of jackals, one of which I rather thoughtlessly knocked over with my Springfield. The killing proved to be the remains of a Grant's gazelle and the manner in which it was eaten led Oulton to declare that it was probably the work of a leopard. At all events, there were no larger beasts about nor did we see in the rough stony ground any tracks, though off fifty yards or so there was some thick brush, and beyond that dense thorn scrub and a scattered growth of trees on which the birds had perched waiting our departure.

Turning around, we made our way back to the trail and it was a great relief to get upon its hard, smooth surface after the stone, so leaving the fundi to skin my jackal, we went

along at a good pace and passed the further end of the hill where the first signs of rhino—that is, great furrows scooped in the trail and piles of dung—warned us to be on the lookout for some old denizen who hung about in this region.

From this point, the trail led straight across some two or three miles of open country with very few trees, until it came to the head of the reedbed and the timber around its upper end—the scene of our yesterday's success. At intervals of perhaps 200 yards on the right side of the trail were circular mounds perhaps twenty feet in diameter, of, black volcanic rock heaped to the height of several feet, monuments, our boys said, to great chiefs in the past, and one speculated as to why they lay along the trail and if they might be analogous to the tombs along the Appian Way, where it marches out across the Campagna; or to those ancient figure-guarded tombs in



Torrey and His Young Lioness

the north of China which also stand beside a great highway of an ancient dynasty.

I was actually thinking of this as we climbed up out of a small draw—perhaps a quarter of the way across the plain, when I heard a commotion, and calling to the rear, and swinging round the mule's head, I saw that our boys were excited about something. Word was passed up along the long string of boys behind us until finally I caught the word "simba," and then made out, back between us and the hill, our fundi running toward us waving his arms, the word now reached me and it was SIMBA!

The electric shock communicated itself to all of us at once and we gave those little Abyssinian mules a good imitation of Americans in a hurry, piling one after another down the trail with such urging and belaboring as would excite their utmost endeavor to get us back to where this word of "simba" came from, namely the sweaty, pop-eyed fundi who was now seen talking with vigorous gestures to our rearmost boys. Oulton got the story briefly from him, and it was that after we had left him skinning the jackal, "several lions" had walked out of the bushes beyond where we had found the kill, and after calmly eyeing him, had proceeded slowly up to a shade tree on the hill's northern slope and laid themselves down to rest after their morning meal.

He said "several" and we immediately counted one apiece out of the number as a proper beginning of distribution, and organized ourselves instantly to collect, if possible, a habitat group with the least possible delay while the morning sun was still in its pleasant humor. Excitement at a moment like this is highly infectious and when we spread out in an extended formation to comb the hill and the grass plain at its base, we moved as though our feet were winged, and all the difficulties and obstacles of the past two weeks wholly evaporated.

Having been over the ground once before, I tried to imagine what a band of lion would do if disturbed, and decided that they would either make for the thick scrub out on the plain and head for the donga, or they would slip through the rocks and brush of the hillside before us and go over the saddle, thus escaping into the brushy valley which I knew to lie on the far side of this lone outcrop. With this in mind, I instinctively hurried up the hillside, leaving Mershon thirty yards below me and beyond him Oulton and Torrey about the same distance apart, but on the flat immediately adjoining the slope, so that in all our line extended something over 100 yards and would consequently comb a respectable area of the suspected ground.

As soon as we started, I immediately lost track of the others except in a casual way necessary to keep in line, and my extra attention was focused on clumps of brush and heaps of boulders which strewed the hillside, for among the latter were several jumbles which made ideal shelter for lion, and, in fact, I had seen the day before signs of their habitation by some carnivorous animal.

The light Springfield was in my hands, and immediately behind me was old Umseni carrying my double .465. He, too, was watching the ground for tracks and the brush ahead of me. In this order we covered the 300 or 400 yards, scrambling and slipping to maintain the line and observe due caution in searching the cover as we came to it.

Now the lone tree where the lion were reported to have lain down was immediately below us; but we saw at once that they had departed. The only question was, "Which way?" I climbed somewhat higher on the hill, for a draw leading up into the saddle began there; but though I searched the hillside carefully, there was no indication of their presence, so that we again went forward. Finally we emerged on the western end of the kopje, where I paused to search the broad plain in front of us and generally take a look around, for we had now passed through the lion ground and drawn a blank.

The heat was growing and my exertion had left me moist and breathless. I had scarcely time to draw more than a breath or two when, glancing toward the river and across the spot where the kill had lain, I saw some 300 yards away a great yellow lion walk slowly out of the bush, cross a few yards of open space and disappear in the thicket. I called at once to the next man and made ready for the lion to emerge in an opening beyond. To my surprise, out came a second one from the first



cover; then a third, a fourth, a fifth—until seven had passed in review!

Our whole world was now tense with excitement. Our men had seen the beasts, and in the instant before the first lion appeared again, there was distilled in our bodies a tingling, almost sickening, thrill, which can be understood only by those who have endured it. I was certain now that the beasts were making for the donga with its rough cover, affording an easy escape if they once reached it, so as soon as the leading animal came out of the small thicket into which he had disappeared, I covered him and heard the "smack" of the Springfield bullet as he tumbled over, but he instantly sprang up again; and I heard below the crack of another Springfield and saw him again thrown sidewise, evidently hit by either Mershon or Torrey. Now the lioness was drawing out of the bush and my gunbearer tugged at me to sit on the rocks near which I was standing, so I dropped, with elbows on knees, and planted a bullet high in her side, holding well toward the shoulder and knocked her off her feet.

The range was, as I say, long—certainly 250 and 300 yards—but I had no thought of changing the sights and merely held high as I fired. There was now a perfect fusillade and the beasts were appearing, getting a wallop that knocked them endwise, then scrambling up and disappearing again into the bush. The bush seemed to fairly boil with crippled lions popping up and diving out of sight as our Springfields cracked and cracked. I heard Oulton's voice calling up to us, "Four down." It seems he was calmly watching the field of action with his glasses. The prize big male, however, was not down but was disappearing over the hill. Off went Torrey and Oulton in pursuit of him, Torrey running like a steeple-chaser and shooting like a machine gun. Five hundred or six hundred yards away two small lions were vanishing, and we continued to shoot at them until they disappeared in the dense bush at the top.

Now the noise of our cannonade being over, Torrey and Oulton being out of sight, Mershon and I formed ourselves into a cautious but methodical investigation committee endeavoring to obey Oulton's final warning, as he ran by us, to "be careful," and yet to rout those several wounded lions which lay somewhere. Around us swarmed the dogs with an odd boy or two beside our gunbearers, so we bade them by signs to "sic on Tigé," and off went the job lot pack of assorted mongrels, nosing and yapping, with the boys urging them on and throwing stones into the bushes and shooting and calling to notify all lions that it was time to move.

Very gingerly Billy and I now waded into the brush—I never saw any in Africa that looked more full of lions—upon spotting a clump one bombarded it with a rock and then approached it, while the other stood ready to shoot the flushed game. Then it was the other fellow's turn to do the walking-up while the late performer stood ground. It was a fine game of turn and turn about, with your money's worth at every turn, and one probably wondering whether he'd rather the lion

came out while he was walking up or watching, and hoping the surprise would be sufficiently mutual to give a fellow a show to line the sights on the grunting bundle of bounding hair, teeth and claws. Well, say, it was plumb exciting all right!

But the gay little doggies nosed out the old lady before we did, and there was an explosion of demoniacal growls and coughs and roars, and the small talk of a dozen perfectly crazy little dogs playing ring around the rosy with great-grandmother of all the cats in there under a thorn bush. We rallied to the defence and saw the big beast heaving and slapping but broken in her hindquarter, so that she could not spring to her feet, and I slammed the open point in her ribs; Billy another, and I another in the neck, and the great yellow-brown body sank back and stiffened with a last convulsive gripping of the great claws in the senseless earth, and she was out for the eternal count. All right that



The Seven-Step Lioness That Charged Torrey

"One," as the Count of Monte Cristo said, but what about the other? *Quien Sabe*; go find 'em some more!

Well, well, the old sun was powerful hot by now and the dogs so all in they were not much help, so it was just the two of us to measure and remeasure the ground, find all the worst looking trash piles and thorn clumps—places nobody wanted to kick about in—and go kick about in them. The worse for you, the better for lion—very simple! Well, we tried to do our duty by that job, but both hoped duty would not come looking just like that again. Yes, we tramped and rocked and climbed over boulders and fell over our feet and generally "bushed" ourselves, and no more lions. Sun was right overhead; dogs all in; niggers droopy; and we got thinking that maybe it wasn't very important after all, or it might look more hopeful if we had a drink, so we dragged ourselves toward the only tree in that square mile, walking right through the grass as if we were in a Michigan popple bush, and crawling under that miniature tree we propped our backs against its trunk, let our legs sprawl where they would, and tipped up the two-quart canteen! Umh, ah—well, that was a drink! Then a long sigh and another slow gurgling one this time, and you could just feel your tissue mop up that fluid like hot bricks.

Then "Poor little doggies," "Yes, indeed, water for doggies," said Billy, and we found a big lava rock with saucer-shaped scoop, blew out the dust, poured in the precious boiled water and let the little dogs, one at a time, take about a half cupful, and they just said "thanks" like folks. Pretty soon, when my real senses were coming back to me as I smoked a "pick me up," in comes Torrey and Oulton. Hot—oh dear! Lion? Don't talk. He got away; yes, lost over the top of the hill. Hit him? Yes. Thought we had him, but oh God, we ran four miles in the sun. Well, it felt that. Hey boy—*Majee, majee* (water, water). Torrey said he "busted a wounded lioness" in a bush as we went up the hill, but she wasn't there when they came back, so "send to camp for another pack of dogs," says he, and hunt them up after lunch." Well, we put a boy on a mule with a note for Lucy and opened the chow box, took out the bread, meat and ham and made ourselves comfortable to take nourishment.

What's that? Boy shouting there on top of the ridge. Our mule boy calls *simba*! Out we piled—Billy and I (Torrey and Oulton were off down the hill where his lion was). Springfield in hand we ran to where the boy stood seventy yards away.

We ran around and between bushes, then a low wide one separated us. Billy goes right and I go left; the boy shouts to us; I hear a growl almost beside me and out of the center of the bush, sticks and leaves falling off her back, I see a lioness rise, struggling to her feet; and beyond her, ten feet away, Billy halted with his back to her. She was so close that I poked the little gun at her, it touched the bush, but whang! went the shot right into her backbone. I saw the fur spread before the blast and even as she writhed sidewise, I had jerked the bolt back and forth and slammed a second behind her ear.

It was all so quick and so close it made me feel a little sick and rather foolish. Well, "Two" says Monte Cristo, and now we know what they mean when they say a lion can hide behind his own head. Some camouflage, we agree! We might actually have run over her in our haste and that would have meant Nairobi Hospital, at least, for someone!

The shooting, of course, brought Torrey and Oulton to the spot and the lioness was immediately identified as the one Torrey had discovered and thought he had disposed of as they were chasing the old male. She was a fine big animal with an excellent coat, which was immediately removed in the shade of a bush by the fundis. The boy on a mule set off at once for camp while we returned to the shade to finish our lunch. About three o'clock, Lucy appeared with a pack of fresh dogs. We spent the balance of the afternoon scouring the country but with no further adventures until just before dusk, when we routed out a three-quarter grown cub which, with considerable show of fight rushed out of a bush in front of Torrey and was promptly shot by him, although I being near at hand put in a second for good measure as the beast settled to earth.

This made our record three for the day and while there was great mourning over the loss of the big lion, we set our faces toward camp and made the weary and miserable journey across the lava bed plateau, arriving on our little plain well after dark, glad to be astride our mules. Our boys in camp were tremendously elated over the killing and we heard them doing much talking, but the lion dance had already been rendered, so we had no exhibition.

The next day saw us on our way once more across the accursed plain; and this time we passed the grass hill without further temptation or interruption and arrived at the little green swamp where we thought it was just possible we might locate the lioness which I had hit the first day. We spent two hours or more in a very careful investigation of all the cover along the swamp edges and in the adjoining underbrush, as well as a donga or two close at hand, but though the dogs were fresh and quartered the ground carefully and we examined all likely looking cover, no lioness appeared.

We were resting for a moment at the north or river end of the swamp just where it met the plain when we beheld a most interesting sight in the advance of a line of nineteen ostriches that must have been feeding out on the plain and were now returning to the brush to shelter. We sat quietly watching them for some time before we got up and, disclosing our presence set them off at a swinging gallop back on the plains.

We ate lunch near the little limestone spring on the opposite side of the reedbed from where Oulton and I had lunch the first day. At this spot there was a little runnel of water bordered by luxuriant green grass extending out one hundred yards or so into the plain before it disappeared. Towards this grazed hundreds of head of antelope of all varieties, mixed with bands of zebra,—all of these creatures withdrawing as we approached to four or five hundred yards distance, but plainly anxious to return to the rich feed and water from which we had driven them.

A large flock of guinea fowl were in a little elbow of the plain and swamp as we came up, but they proved unaccountably shy and difficult to approach. Torrey worked for a half hour and had some shooting at very long range with his little twenty-gauge Smith and only secured one bird. A very beautiful black and white plover appeared in considerable numbers flying in from different points to land in the shallow runnel or along its margin, and out of these flocks Torrey secured a number which made excellent eating.

After lunch and the midday rest, we made our way south and east onto higher ground, and describing a great arc finally came out abreast of the grass hill but a mile east of it, where, as it was getting late, Torrey again took to the shotgun and secured a number of guinea fowl out of the series of flocks which we ran into as we worked east.

Lucy, the most vigorous walker in the party, with long-legged Bill Mershon was at least a quarter of a mile ahead of us when presently I heard them shout and saw them set off at

a run and then stop and shoot, but I could not make out for some time what it was until I saw a yellow animal a couple of hundred yards ahead of them streaking it through the brush, and even then I was not sure of its character until my boys, pointing with great vehemence, shouted *simba—simba!* Then I, too, entered the foot race and tore along the uneven, rocky ground at my best pace until presently I caught sight of a second yellow animal somewhat to the right of the first, making for thick cover to my front and right, but the lioness was not too far for a possible shot, and I opened up on her with signs of a hit from at least one shot.

Lucy and Mershon were by this time clambering up well to the left over a ridge; Torrey, far behind us, was shouting and coming up on the run, but swung down the hill with Oulton and well off to my right, as I continued to run, trying to keep my lioness in sight. There was a chance for another shot or two and then she was lost in the thick brush, and I found myself alone except for my gun bearer, in rather thick stuff with no prospect of further excitement at this point, though Torrey and Oulton seemed to be having some kind of a show on in the flat below me, and off I set to join them.

Much out of breath I came up alongside of Oulton in time to hear him call out, "Be careful—go slow," then turning, he said to me, over his shoulder, "They are right in ahead of us and, I think, coming." Just how many he meant by "they" I had no idea, but the jabber of my boys, pointing and whispering eagerly to me was evidence that something was headed our way, and at the same moment I realized that my Springfield was empty but for a single shot in the chamber. I quickly but carefully pulled the bolt back and pressed the cartridge into the magazine, and had just placed another on the floor plate when Oulton uttered some exclamation which made me realize that we were being charged, but before I could turn, I saw out of the corner of my eye a lioness almost in front of Torrey and only a rod or two away, coming head on and in the act of leaping a bush. At the same instant Oulton's big gun went off almost in my ear and I heard the grunt and thump of the beast as it sank to earth and then a shout from Torrey who was standing just the other side of the bush from me, his legs apart presenting the muzzle of his Springfield, waiting for the last final close-up shot as he, too, had but a single cartridge at his command.

All this occurred in an instant while I was thrusting home a second shell in my own rifle, and now my boy was tugging frantically at my sleeve and pointing directly in front of me, but I did not catch sight of the second lioness until she ran around or just under the edge of a bush some twenty steps away, and then she came into view, and evidently this was her first glimpse of me for she halted just the fraction of a second in her low crouching run, but long enough to give me time to lay the little gold bead on her chest and drive the bullet home. Oulton swung around at almost the same moment and struck her in the mouth with his big .500 so that she

was completely done for and never moved from the spot.

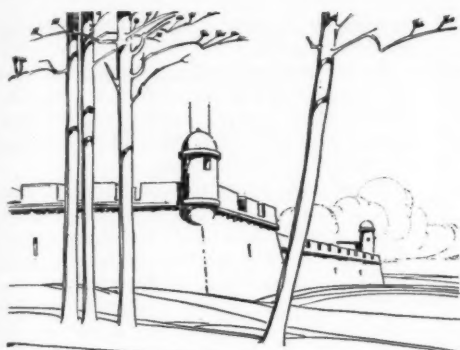
The excitement of the moment was, of course, intense and yet there was a curious sense of detachment and the possibility of actual danger to ourselves seemed to have disappeared, replaced by an intense preoccupation on my part, I can say, with getting my shots into the oncoming animal. As a matter of fact, my own reaction was just what it had been when I shot my first lion, namely, an apparent narrowing of the field of vision until it held only this one thing—the oncoming beast, so that I was not conscious of surroundings or companions but only the most intense concentration upon delivering the shot truly with the least possible delay.

The death of the two beasts seemed to break the spell and we enjoyed a little war dance and mutual congratulation before we began to step off the distances and examine our prizes. Torrey's lioness, which he said seemed to him like a veritable flying dragon, with glaring eye and extended clutching claws as she came on through the air, had dropped just seven steps from him when Oulton's bullet hit her. "Uncle Tom," as we affectionately called Oulton, with his usual calm efficiency had done a fine piece of shooting and the great slug had actually blown out the back part of the animal's head, the blow being delivered either in mid-air or as she rose to the leap, although he told me he had kept the bead on her until the last moment from the time she came into sight. He had thus almost ideally performed the part of the white hunter and had allowed the approaching beast to come almost to the point of attack before he took a hand and only then because he realized there was something the matter with Torrey's defensive arrangements. He said he had seen the oncoming animal, when it was within a few yards of us, pause, take a deliberate look at all three of us and then make for Torrey, his explanation being that she caught a glimpse of the latter's white undershirt where it showed through the open flannel overshirt he wore, whereas both Oulton and I were dressed in khaki without distinctive markings and were less conspicuous.

My lioness lay twenty steps away and proved to be a fine well-grown female as was Torrey's, both probably the mothers of the three-quarters grown cubs which had been part of the original seven lions. We had great difficulty in getting the big beasts together for a photograph and the light was now fading, so that picture was not very successful, but we were ourselves highly elated because we had actually received a charge and been able to stop it.

Torrey, it seems, from his position had seen both animals start for us some fifty or sixty yards away and had hit one of them at about forty yards, and then, he said, almost the next instant as he threw in the fresh cartridge, she appeared right before him. I had not seen this long distance oncoming, but had the sense of the critical danger in which we stood and had shared the immense satisfaction of helping to stop them and defeat what old Selous so quaintly (Continued on Page 15)





G.S. Smith ©

## The American Rifleman

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ST. AUGUSTINE, A.D. 1565

Ruins of the old Spanish fortifications mark the site where Don Pedro Menendez de Aviles and 34 shiploads of swart settlers founded St. Augustine

**A** FEW years ago the District of Columbia National Guard threw open its rifle range to civilian shooters and encouraged members of rifle clubs to use the firing line whenever they so desired. As a direct result of this policy, the District of Columbia is represented on the 1924 International Olympic squad by three men, one of whom, a seventeen-year-old school boy is not only the youngest shooter ever to have made an International squad but who undoubtedly will be heard from overseas.

### What Came of Encouraging Civilians

State officials in charge of rifle ranges should not overlook the significance of this circumstance. The National Guard is the logical medium through which rifle ranges should be constructed and operated and by making these facilities available to rifle club members, the Guard establishes personal and friendly contact with the citizens of its State as well as performs an important national duty in encouraging the development of riflemen.

\* \* \* \*

**A** DANIEL came to judgment in New York City recently when Judge Taylor sentenced Anthony Vanilla, who obtained almost \$500,000 in a securities robbery, to a term of forty years in Sing Sing for the avowed purpose of making sure so far as possible that the bandit would never enjoy the fruits of his raid. And in imposing sentence, the judge struck at the tap-root of the evil which lies in anti-firearm legislation when, in connection with evidence which showed the bank messengers to have been unarmed, he said:

### Making Crime Unattractive

*"As to crimes of this character financial houses are to blame for making them possible. There should be criminal accountability for reckless disregard of our Lord's admonition: 'Lead us not into temptation'."*

No exception can be taken to Judge Taylor's logic. The individual or institution encouraging crime by making it easy, at least shares in the moral responsibility for the crime. It would follow that this being true, the advocates of hand-gun prohibition will be not only morally but actually responsible

for the reign of terror which will surely follow the passage of any law disarming the law abiding citizen. Temptation to commit crimes comes only when crime is made attractive. If the bandit knows the bank messenger is unarmed, the idea of a "stick-up" is attractive, and the burglar desires no better prospect than a home containing valuables but no firearms.

It therefore becomes part of the duty of all good citizens whether they are bank officials or householders to aid in the suppression of crime by discouraging the criminal, by convincing him that his victims will not tamely submit to his depredations but will meet him with his own weapons and skill a shade better than that possessed by the thug.

Judge Taylor's conclusions lose none of their force by reason of the fact that many banking institutions today are not only seeing that their employees are armed with weapons they know how to use but are also offering substantial bonuses to employees who frustrate robberies. This is a sure and sane way to make the hold-up man's profession unattractive and when it receives support in the courts by sentences which pretty thoroughly prevent the criminal from enjoying his spoils it should prove effective.

If all the jurists presiding over criminal courts would adopt Judge Taylor's policy, the day of the crook and bandit would soon pass. One man like this One-hundred Percent White American Judge can do more to stem the tide of lawlessness than any anti-firearm law ever drafted.

\* \* \* \*

**T**HE policy, set forth in the small type at the bottom of this page, gives any publication permission to reprint stories or articles appearing in THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN, for the purpose of promoting interest in marksmanship.

The EDITORS believe that many local papers especially in locations where rifle clubs are active, would be glad to use material of interest to shooters. On the other hand, the National Rifle Association, owners of this magazine, are anxious to foster enthusiasm for rifle shooting among American citizens.

Therefore see your local editors, explain to them that THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN encourages reprinting, and get some of these shooting stories across for the benefit of your fellow townsmen.

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## The Folks and the Rifle

A Story for Grown-Ups

By C. C. Finn

**P**A and Ma (I guess Ma mostly, because she knows more about the difficulty of bringing up kids) seem to have a prejudice against the kids learning to shoot a rifle, and they can always remember horrible things which have happened to youngsters because of firearms. The N. R. A. is striving to get the kids into the shooting game and we find the effort getting the fishy eye and the clammy hand from the heads of the family.

Now, Pa and Ma, we leave it to you that most of the accidents you ever heard about came from someone who knew nothing about a gun trying to do something he didn't know how to do with the gun. This goes all the way up the line from toddlers to a recent case right in this town where an old duck-hunter pulled a gun toward him from under a pile of stuff. It is fair enough to believe that (1) we are going to have guns with us for a long time, (2) that kids are likely to get hold of anything not locked up in a bank vault, and (3) it is better to know all about anything, even a dangerous thing which you are likely to handle and thus make it safe. But, we imagine that a gun is really safe, one might say awful safe, alongside of lots of other things that kids get into. Frinstance.

Here is little Willie, who clung to your finger whilst you herded him to the inner edge of the sidewalk and you both watched with more or less awe the first autos snort by. What happened in your own house yesterday? Well you called out, "Willie, take the car (bus, sled, or lizzie, as the case may be) and go over to Whosises after sister, the dance will be over about now," and Willie takes up to \$10,000.00 worth of auto and his own precious self and buzzes off after sister; doubtless loading up a cargo of young folks to distribute here and there, whose combined value in the eyes of their various Pases and Mas exceeds the German reparations when and if collected.

Now here is exhibit twice, Big Jimmie whose nose rubbed on your elbow when you both watched the first aeroplane fly for ten minutes and make a glad and trembling landing. Jimmie is right at this minute driving a ten truck or plane. Dear Folks, any of these things have many times the potential destructiveness of the rifled tube.

Of course, you have read the editorials of the Highest Paid, if you haven't you haven't missed much, but he tells us in season and out that the next war will be fought by planes and the rifleman will be as extinct as *homo eo-lithus* who used a club and tackled all small things up to lions with his bare hands and teeth. The plane is to drop great stinks of gas on New York City and wipe out all life, also make all gassed places uninhabitable for months after, therefore resistance from the ground is useless. I have a guess that in parts of New York and in Pittsburgh the planes will have to drop printed matter, in seventeen languages, to advise the inhabitants that they are being gassed and give them

instructions as to how to act under the circumstances. A gas attack on a large city will be distressing, beyond doubt, to the folks involved but the planes may gas and fly about as much as they choose and still not conquer the land below. To conquer you must occupy, and you must occupy with soldiers and these soldiers will land with guns in their hands. Once the landing is effected the plane must become secondary because the gas he drops will be bad for his own soldiers as for ours and any mask they have to defend from the gas we will find out about right away.

A general gas attack is war upon all, men women, children, soldiers and marines and that should make all inhabitants soldiers regardless of whether in uniform or not. As a gassed zone becomes wider and requires the planes to fly farther more and more of them are going to have to make forced landings and when they do we must in all politeness have a reception committee right on the job to present the keys of the cemetery and that committee is going to be your Willie and Jimmie and a lot more kids and it isn't going to do them any harm if they know how to sight in on a target at 100 yards and make a few visiting airmen peeved, nervous or maybe missing. For my own youngster I feel that I would much rather have him snuffed off from a whiff of gas, if snuffed off he must be, out in the open taking pot shots at an aviator than in the recesses of the cellar where he wouldn't have even the satisfaction of seeing his enemy or having a crack back at him.

So, dear Folks, let us teach the boys and also the girls how to handle a rifle safely. Let us teach enough of them so a healthy fear of what might be the fate of those who fell into the hands of the savage Americans may pervade the minds of any who might contemplate attack. But, outside all that, let us teach them a safe, clean sport which is good for their nerves. One in which they can take pleasure long after the snows of winter have descended on their heads as witness Dad Farr who made a probably unbeatable World's record when after 62 and Pop Weagraff of Bellingham who modestly admits to being 80 and still gets out with us young folks and keeps himself young inside.

## A Home Made Loading Tool

By C. E. Stewart

**A**FTER reading with a great deal of interest the various articles on reloading and reloading tools, I decided

to send in a sketch of a tool I designed and made for myself.

Being a mechanic and a guncrank, I decided there were some glaring defects in the tools commonly sold for this purpose, and set about designing a tool which should have its good points without its bad ones.

To seat the bullet the usual type of hand tool carries a boss on one of the handles, which, moving in the arc of a circle, presses diagonally against the head of the shell and forces it into the loading chamber.

This pressure is not straight down, but sideways and down, and were it not for the wall of the loading chamber would undoubtedly upset the cartridge. As it is, the bullets are often started crooked, resulting in damaged bullets and buckled cases. One reloading tool-maker published a cut of such a cartridge and then said, "It certainly looks as if something was wrong, doesn't it?"

At the same time, levers carrying a lot of doo-dads for holding the shell and moving the bullet seater in a straight line do not appear practical from the standpoint of lightness, simplicity, and quick operation.

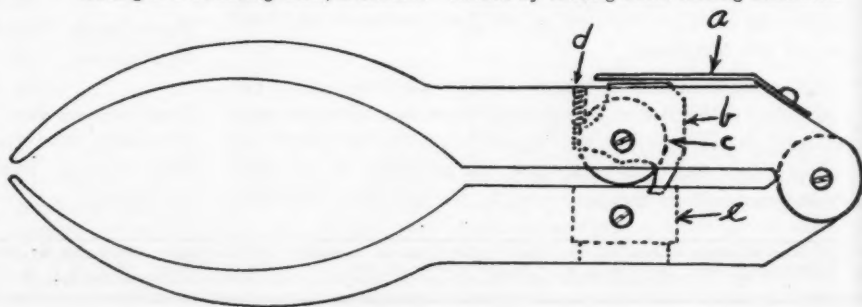
The tool shown in the accompanying sketch fulfills, to my mind, all the requirements for a light, handy, accurate handloading tool.

To decap shells, the capping pin is turned up into the handle, the de-capper placed in the loading chamber, and we are ready for business. To recap, the capping pin is turned down. If the shell has a rim, it may be allowed to rest on that while recapping. If rimless, a suitable capping post is placed in the loading chamber on which the shell rests. To size bullets the loading chamber is removed and a hardened steel sizing die put in its place, the capping punch turned up. A punch is provided to force the bullets through the die.

To seat the bullets, the loading chamber is put in place and adjusted. The shell being filled with powder the bullet is entered in its muzzle and both placed in the chamber.

This is where the tool gets in its fancy work. The steel rollers come down on the head of the shell, forcing it into the chamber with a minimum of side pressure. As the shell goes down and the center of pressure moves out the rollers roll across the head of the shell, instead of solid bosses sliding uphill under pressure. The adjusting screw adjusts the extractor for any size shell head, from the smallest to the largest.

In the tool which I have, I reload .30-30, .30-40, .30-06, and .25-35, by simply changing chambers. Any other size could be similarly loaded by making extra loading chambers.



## How Does Your Boy Handle a Cap Pistol?

By W. H. Richard

**A** READER of the daily paper these days can scarcely scan the pages of his morning news without his eye catching the announcement of another homicide, the direct and seemingly always fatal result of the playful pointing of an "I didn't know it was loaded" pistol or revolver. It is not, however, always the short, hand gun that is the headliner in these accounts for it sometimes follows that little Johnny has ambitiously bushwhacked sister with daddy's favorite shotgun, but the net results are usually the same.

After some forty years spent in handling firearms, half of that period as a professional, the writer has often wondered just what percentage of these daily killings could, if the truth be known, be laid to the early childhood handling and parental teaching of the use of the common cap pistol.

Every normal boy child develops early a craving for some form of firearm, a craving that is usually gratified by the indulgent parent in giving the child as realistic a cap pistol as can be secured and then teaching him to point and snap at every living thing that makes up the family circle. Dad sometimes goes so far as to play "dead" himself when little cutie performs the especially bright trick of snapping the toy pistol under daddy's ear.

Ever play that sort of thing with your boy? And if so, did it occur to you that someday, not far in the future, Willie is going to be old enough and strong enough to open the bureau drawer where you keep the burglar defense, or to drag forth from the corner your hunting gun and to find some shells for it, if it be not already loaded? Willie's first impulse as a result of his toy pistol training is to scare sister or brother with a weapon that to him is as harmless as his own toy. Do you picture the result? Not pleasant is it? But who is to blame?

The other day on a local train in the Middle West, a little chap four or five years of age, with his mother occupied a double seat in the day coach. The little fellow had in his possession a very realistic and business-like cap pistol with which he was amusing himself by pointing and snapping at every person in the vicinity, telling each victim that he or she was "dead" as the result of his aim and marksmanship. Finally the conductor, a kindly faced elderly man came along and after being designated as a fit subject for the coroner, suddenly snatched the pistol from the youngster. Now, we thought, is when that pistol goes out the car window, but no: instead Mr. conductor places the muzzle against the little fellow's head and snaps; against his body and snaps, keeping up at the same time a line of talk about killing and as to the length of time it took the supposed victim to die. As a result of the many theoretical shots fired into him.

Beautiful training for that boy to grow up on, and how many thousands of other innocent babies are receiving the same kind of childhood impressions implanted by inexcusably foolish and ignorant grown-ups. Is it any wonder that we who love firearms for the clean, healthful recreation they bring are beset by proposed laws conceived largely by lucky survivors of just such training as narrated above?

The cap pistol in itself is not to blame for the many lamentable accidents that follow in its wake. It could be, and in some homes is, used as a means for preventing them. First impressions are lasting impressions and suppose the child were taught, when given his cap pistol, that he must under no circumstances ever point his pistol at any living thing. That to a point even a finger at a person, sister, brother, friend or neighbor is bad form and must not be done. Train him to this idea and you need not worry so far as he is concerned, there will be no "didn't know it was loaded" killing in your family.

How are you training your boy to point a cap pistol?

## African Safari Notes

(Continued from Page 12)

describes in one of his stories, the beast's "intent to do bodily harm."

Lucy and Mershon now joined us, the latter cursing his luck because in shooting at a magnificent lion at about 125 yards he had missed. It is true that his shooting had come at the end of about a mile of hard running, and just as he had breasted the top of the hill; but poor Billy was nevertheless full of information about what he thought of his luck and his own rotten performance. On the way home he picked off a greater bustard at about 300 yards with a light Springfield, but all he had to say about it was that it made him even more disgusted with his performance on the king of beasts.

**O**ULTON'S killing of lioness number one, and his help with the one I stopped at twenty yards with the 180-grain open-point brings him for a moment into the foreground and I should like to say a word about the idea he represents.

Many Americans who have not had African shooting experience are prone to argue that the presence of a white hunter is somehow a confession of incompetency and that he takes away from the satisfaction of doing one's own shooting and they ask if they would not be justified in doing without one. My answer, based on my own experience and that of most of the men I know who have hunted in Africa, is decidedly "no". No man on his first Safari is justified in going up against dangerous game alone or without an experienced white hunter, if he has any responsibilities at home either as a man or a citizen.

Shooting in Africa is undeniably dangerous and a visit to the cemetery at Nairobi will convince any but the hopelessly skeptical, and for these there is no cure except that which nature provides.

There are three prime reasons for the white hunter:

First, that the newcomer requires constant instruction on the ground with regard to both common and dangerous game because the conditions are entirely different from those to which we are accustomed in America.

Second, the white hunter is essential in dealing with the natives and running the safari unless the sportsman has had that experience in a similar country.

Third, a good white hunter, once he learns that you really want to shoot your own game, never for a moment infringes upon this prerogative but merely stands by as a reserve in an acute emergency. Jack Lucy ran the safari with a vigorous and practiced hand and in the field was enterprising, cool and daring. Oulton assisted him in the handling of the outfit, and in the field was equally cool, ready and courageous.

In this particular instance, standing midway between Torrey and myself, he saw both lions starting for us and held his fire until they were close in and he was assured, from the fact that we did not shoot, that something was wrong and we could not.

Torrey undoubtedly would have used his last cartridge at close quarters and might have killed the oncoming animal instantly, but there was also considerable likelihood that he would have been badly mauled notwithstanding.

Long as I have used the rifle and much as I have hunted in my own country, I was unquestionably careless in not having charged my magazine as I ran toward the other men and as I have said, was quite helpless at the instant when the first lioness actually closed in and Oulton blew out her brains with the right barrel of his big gun. That I was prepared an instant later and shot my lioness in the chest as soon as she came into sight does not diminish in any way the perfection of Oulton's judgment and technique when he put the shot from his left barrel in the beast's face, at almost the same moment. Oulton, in fact, demonstrated his value and justified his whole two month's expense in about two minutes and so far as we are concerned settled for good the question of whether or not a white hunter is justified in African shooting trips.

**W**E WERE very late indeed, getting into camp that night and our mules evidently scented some marauding beasts as we passed the rock signal tower, for they insisted on shying all over the place so that we were glad to come in without a spill. This was really the last of our lion luck, but it had held for some ten days and our party had now secured seven lion altogether, two of them very fine males, and we were all duly thankful for the good fortune that had come to us, for as they tell you everywhere out there, lion hunting is much a matter of luck and ours had undeniably, from the first, been good!



## The Gang "Shoves Off"

(Continued from Page 7)

going to Quantico, John has improved greatly in his off-hand shooting. Grier should be one of the best bets on the team, especially at 400 to 800 meters.

Dinwiddie is probably the real dark horse on the International Team—and for future teams of off-hand and kneeling shooters.

Any seventeen-year-old youngster who can score 95 off-hand on a four-inch center at 300 yards is a *holder*. Kneeling, he is just as steady, and should improve as he gains weight, strength, and experience.

It has been freely predicted, and with much amusement, that the sight of Dinwiddie, Crockett, and the Stokes brothers, on the firing line will just about finish the Swiss.

In Switzerland a man is not rated as much of a shooter before he is forty. They grow them large, beefy and hairy on the west slope of the Alps, and the idea of being beaten by a bunch of American school and college boys is not likely to prove immensely popular with European competitors. But stranger things than this have happened. Any team which can shoot Morris Fisher off the first five, even for a day or two, in practice, as happened at Quantico, while Morris is shooting the usual remarkable Fisher average, was not selected because of the good looks of their ancestors.

And Doctor Calkins has again emerged from his position as the home range pistol and revolver wizard of America. The Doctor breaks a world's record after every meal and two extra between operations; that is, when he's shooting regularly. And this year he has boosted his own records a couple of notches higher. He ought to be worth two of the average speed on any International Pistol Team.

The Lane on the pistol team is not the one and only Alfred P. Lane, but his larger and huskier brother. He has most of the usual Lane characteristics—he is a hard holder and exhibits no nerves.

Karl Frederick is also on the pistol team. You may not think so because he was still on the dock when the boat pulled out, but I had a good look at the Frederick face when the President Harding shoved out in the river, and made no mistake about it—mentally at least—Karl is there with the crowd.

The other pistol team experts who were picked as a result of the pistol team try-out at Quantico are E. A. Fox and Dr. W. B. Russell,—of Roy D. Jones' famous Springfield (Massachusetts) shooting aggregation. Mr. Billingsley came all the way from Panama to make the trip. Those of you who shoot in the N. R. A. and U. S. R. A. home-range championships know what happens when Panama goes on the warpath. Lieut. W. J. Whaling, a Camp Perry pistol winner of astonishing skill both as a rapid fire and slow fire pistol shot, was really the sensation of the pistol team's try-out. He "killed" sixteen man targets out of eighteen shot at in a shoot-off that was finally decided in one-half the usual rapid fire Olympic time limit.

Sergeants Betke and Bailey of the Marine Corps and Lieutenant Andino are three other



THE OLYMPIC PISTOL TEAM

Front Row: Lieut. Whaling, Sgt. Betke, Major Frazer, Sgt. Bailey, Lieut. Andino  
Back Row: Dr. Calkins, Lane, Fox, Dr. Sayre (Team Captain), Dr. Russell, Billingsley

experts of national reputation who make the trip. Maj. W. D. Frazer, of the Coast Artillery Corps is an all-around shot of national reputation, and a man who is always at, or near, the top in any kind of rapid or slow fire pistol match, is the last described but was one of the first selected to make the voyage.

The pistol team is a husky bunch, particularly free from temperamental stars, and untried marksmen. It should rank with the rifle team as an aggregation of high-class shooters.

**A** STORY about the shooting teams would hardly be complete without something about Harry Pope's trip and that fourth meal at Quantico. No, this is nothing like "Three Weeks" nor one of C. C. Finn's "hot dogs," but, nevertheless, it did Harry a world of good even if it did worry him.

Pope was at Quantico as an expert coach in off-hand shooting, and at this he has no equals. He knows the off-hand game as few men do and he can show a shooter his faults. He was also there to "reduce," as he phrased it, but the country air overcame most of Harry's careful habits and all of his good resolutions. By the last day of the shoot he was hopping on the scales before and after every meal to see how things were progressing. They were progressing all right for after the fourth hearty meal on Friday, the scales shot up two and one-half pounds at a bound, and Harry nearly passed out. But this was no handicap. The off-hand scores will show that he made them "stand on their feet and shoot like men."

## Why I Like "The American Rifleman"

(Continued from Page 1)

inches, turning a quarter of a pound of steel off it at the same time, along with lightening the stock, changing an eight-pound rifle to a six-pounder, he thought he had performed a

wonderful job, and we must all be told about how much he has improved the piece and what a corking gun he now possesses. Maybe the gun would shoot into a four-inch ring at two hundred yards before he began on it, and maybe it would do well to stay in a four-inch at fifty yards after he got through with it, but the kind of a chap we all know about would never find that out. All he knew and all he was likely to learn was that he had a lighter gun to carry on those imaginary trips he intended to make, and he was fully abreast of the fad for light rifles and short barrels. Now that the heavy and long barrels are coming into their own, we may expect the same lad to be making careful inquiries of Major Whelen to see if he cannot put an International barrel on a Savage featherweight action.

I suppose there is a happy medium for big game rifles in weight and in barrel length, but that barrel length is not under eight pounds. No doubt the Springfield is partly to blame for the short barrelled fad. We all knew that it was a great rifle with a short barrel, and the simplest kind of logic decided that it was a great rifle because it had a short barrel. If a short barrel were best, then why not make it yet shorter? Now we are off to a flying start! Who can make the lightest rifle with the shortest barrel? We have had ample demonstration of that, but along comes the International barrel and all our fine theories are knocked into a cocked hat. Progressive rifle powders are not adapted to short barrels, and no other kind of rifle powders for the matter of that. The next thing anybody knows the latest fashion among riflemen will be hitting where you hold, and then what will become of all the twenty-inch rifle barrels, I don't know.

What has all this to do with why I like THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN? Well, I have told all that has been set forth here by that publication and a lot more besides. That's why I like it.



## Are Game Officials Friendly to Rifle Shooting

By J. R. Mattern

ONE of the most obvious moves in support of rifle shooting in the United States has been pretty generally overlooked. Through all these years that conservation ideas have been growing, the various states each have accumulated a staff of men whose jobs include the promotion of game population. Their activities appear to narrow down to the preservation from death at the hands of hunters, as many animals and birds as possible. They have the backing of the whole power of the state in doing it. If they should busy themselves in some of the broader aspects of conservation, they could do all citizens and themselves an immense amount of good. To do this would require a reversal of policy in many states, but what of that?

Suppose that each state would say to its hunters: "We charge you so much money for a hunting license. So greatly do the Game Commissioners approve of your interest in shooting however, and so glad are they that you are practicing enough to maintain your skill, that if you will qualify in marksmanship you may have a license free."

This support might take other forms and go farther. To every expert rifleman might be granted a permit to take additional game. Or the support might take the form of offering free license or additional game or some honor to the hunter who would use the U. S. military rifle or cartridge, and qualify in marksmanship with it.

A Game Commission might well seek elsewhere and fare worse than in supporting the 30-1906 caliber rifle and cartridge for use in the woods, for squirrels, turkeys, deer, bear and predatory animals. Many a hunter today with his 30-30 or his 38-40 kills three deer before he obtains one to take home. The general use of such a powerful rifle would be one of the soundest of conservation steps as applied to scaling down the amount of game actually killed.

Suppose we grant that *half* the purpose of a state game staff is to maintain populations of birds and animals for the sake of *sport* in hunting them, which includes the recreational benefits of the woods and of vacations, and includes even the incidental value of the meat secured. Certainly sport—mere sport—is *no more than half* of the real reason we expend effort to maintain game in the woods for hunting.

The other half is to keep the boys acquainted with shooting in a practical way—to conserve the American spirit, the shooting eye and nerve and knack, the friendliness toward guns supposed to be fundamentally American. How many game officials realize their responsibility and their opportunity in this direction? Few of them have given it even a thought.

The biggest job the Game officials of any state have before them is to preserve interest in shooting, and to promote opportunities for practice. If they were to say: "We shall conserve rifle shooting knowledge and skill in our citizens first, and conserve game only as a means to this end and as an incentive toward it," they would hit upon a forward-looking policy that would be immensely popular with everyone except the Bolsheviks, pacifists and parlor-pets.

It is greatly to be regretted that the officials of many states take the very opposite stand. They lend their support to freak legislation proposed by men and women who hold the conviction that all guns are bad and should be abolished, and all killing of game is wrong. They stoop to the harrying of rifle shooters, by making ridiculous rulings which no one could possibly obey—and still shoot. These rulings are covertly intended to prevent, absolutely, as much shooting as possible, although on the surface they masquerade as safety measures or game-saving measures.

A certain game official was asked why he lent his support to one such ill-advised bill then in the legislature of his state. He answered frankly, or naively perhaps: "Because the restriction of shooting makes our policing job easier. It keeps more men out of the woods, and guns in closets."

Most shooters have only a few dollars and a few hours for their hobby. It is mighty discouraging to them to have a tin-horn game officer stop them on a public highway or on an improvised range, with the most extreme suspicion in his manner, and demand who, what and where. The good American principle that a man is innocent until he is proved guilty in court has been completely reversed in some of our ratty game codes. The burden of proof is frankly placed on anyone accused, even if accused out of spite or on no basis at all. Every rifleman is a criminal, such laws and their officers declare, unless and until he goes to the trouble and expense of proving himself blameless.

All such Europeanizing of our shooters should be swept away. There is a wonderful opportunity before Game officers in getting away completely from such mere police viewpoint, and in enlarging their activities to include the broader ends.

Here and now they can be promised a wealth of co-operation they never before have been able to command. Shooters will get behind the whole conservation movement in a new way if it includes promotion of the use of the service rifle in the woods, and a helping hand rather than a persecuting hand toward any and all rifle practice wherever it is safe. This change is not too much to ask. It is conservation of one of the big things that made Americans what they are. There is no more important conservation.

## Sea Girt—The Mecca of the Small-borers

JUDGING by the requests for reservations at the club house and for copies of programs, the Eastern Small Bore Championship Matches scheduled for Sea Girt July 2nd to 6th inclusive will go over bigger and better than ever. Usually close to a hundred of the leading small bore shooters of the East attend this competition and this makes for snappy work among the small borers; it brings out that necessary spirit of fighting which is necessary to make any contest interesting.

To win one of the individual or team contests at the Sea Girt Small Bore Shoot stamps the winner as a small bore marksman of unusual ability; it means that he is entitled to move thereafter in fast company and hobnob with those who speak the strange and mysterious language of the small borer.

Be that as it may, however, it is the ambition of every small bore shooter in the East to either win one of these contests at Sea Girt or land high enough in the lists to crow about it to his fellow competitors and then brag about it when he arrives home with some of the attractive merchandise prizes which are always a feature of the Sea Girt Shoot.

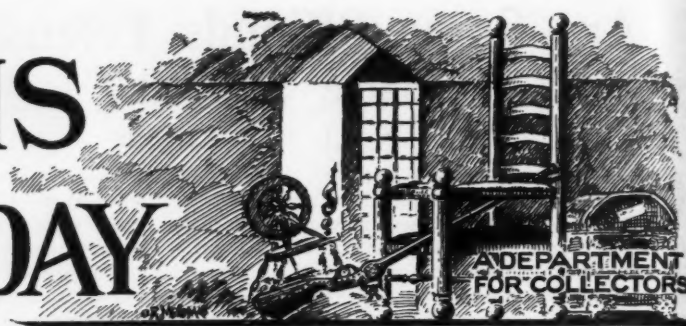
In considering the prizes available at this shoot it is interesting to observe that usually about one thousand dollars in cash changes hands and over another thousand dollars in merchandise value is also distributed so that there is no lack of incentive from the prize standpoint to attract the shooters to Sea Girt. This year the claim of the mediocre shooter that there was no use of his going to Sea Girt because the better shots cleaned up all the prize money and the merchandise will not hold water. To take care of just that situation the shooters will be classified this year in such a manner that there will be ample opportunity to win cash and merchandise according to their ability.

In the list of prizes there are included a B. S. A. Target Rifle, a Stevens .414, a Savage N. R. A., a Remington Model 24 Automatic, and then a long string of merchandise which includes cameras, flashlights, telescopes, carving sets, smokers' articles, cutlery, travelling bags, and useful articles too numerous to mention.

Forty regulation army tents have been set up close to the firing range for those who prefer life outdoors. The club house is available for those who like the comforts of home. Nearby hotels will cater to those who want hotel life. There are ample accommodations for the shooter and his family and friends and, furthermore, it being the height of the summer season at the sea shore there is every reason why small bore shooters in the East should attend this shoot and make it the banner small bore competition of the year.

For those who desire details, programs are available by addressing General Bird W. Spencer, Club House, Sea Girt, N. J.

# FIRE ARMS & YESTERDAY



A DEPARTMENT  
FOR COLLECTORS

Conducted by Capt. Jerome Clark

## "BURIED TREASURE"

Every collector dreams of the day when he will uncover some rare and desirable specimen in an out-of-the-way junk heap, attic or farmhouse lumber room. Like the discovery of the Cookson gun in a Baltimore junk shop, these instances, although infrequent, do occur. From time to time, "Firearms of Yesterday" will print stories of these "Buried Treasures."

## The Salted Mine

By Stephen Trask

THAT I experienced all the thrill of discovering a nugget, even though the mine was salted, was compensation enough. For of such supreme moments is the joy of collecting made. And I have gotten many a chuckle over the memory of that wily old spider of a pawnbroker waiting for a fat fly with a bulging pocketbook.

Toledo, Ohio, is scarcely a hunting ground which would attract the antiquer as being in any way a logical terrain for "pay dirt," and the nearest approach to antiquity which up to that time I had seen in that neck of the woods was a pseudo-highboy fabricated by the beautifully simple expedient of elevating the body of a black walnut washstand, circa 1860, on six turned legs from kitchen tables, circa 1880 and labeling the ensemble "1720" — also \$450.00.

But grotesquely faked antiques may be encountered quite as frequently in those lairs of things ancient—Boston and Philadelphia; also every experienced collector knows that the old "Desert Rat's" maxim—"Gold is where you find it"—is equally applicable to the relics of the past.

There is a street in Toledo largely sacred to that ancient calling symbolized by the three pills of the Medici, those Italian physicians who later became pawnbrokers and used their family coat of arms for a sign. There along that street on the off chance of running into something desirable, I scouted around one morning. Window after iron-barred window showed nothing more important than cheap nickel-plated bull dog revolvers, gaudy-hued dice, clap-trap alarm clocks, brass knuckles, and cheap razors. Then came the first sign of "color"—an indifferent Colts pocket revolver

in one of the rear corners of a dusty street showcase.

Making entry between rows of near-leather suitcases roped together so that any attempt to grab one and make off would bring the pile clattering and dragging at the miscreant's heels, I inquired of the Mosaic ancient who appeared from the dark cavern of the cluttered shop, the price of the pistol in the window.

"Sefen Tollars," the pawnbroker replied.

I appeared to consider the proposition. In reality I was considering the pawnbroker. Unkempt, illiterate, actually dirty, all the circumstances argued that he couldn't know anything of firearm values except in connection with modern weapons: ergo if there chanced to be a nugget in the litter of his wares, the chances should be good for a pick-up.

Right here, the pawnbroker saved me the trouble of making the next move by declaring: "Dere's a few more olt guns back here in de case."

I followed him not too eagerly. There in a pile were perhaps a dozen lumps of rust which the pawnbroker hauled out for inspection. An Allen & Thurber pepperbox, a Remington cap and ball, a Manhattan Arms Company revolver, three or four unimportant Colts, and then—and I stifled a gasp—A COLT'S TEXAS REVOLVER. Even in the dim light there could be no mistake about that—the queer grip, the folding trigger, the absence of the swivel rammer.

Resolutely I fought down the overpowering desire to snatch it from the pile, and instead picked up the pepperbox and after vainly pulling at the trigger which wouldn't work, asked the price.

"Fife tollars to you, mine friendt."

I laid it down and picked up the Remington cap and ball.

"Siggs-vifty," the pawnbroker wheezed.

These prices were manifestly high, fixed evidently to permit profitable dickering, but they suited a fell idea that I was germinating.

"Well, I just want something for the wall," I said. "Maybe that broken one there, that one with the trigger and rammer gone will do. How much is it?"

The pawnbroker picked up the Patterson Colt. His bleary little eyes lighted with a tenderness akin to mother love as he passed his hands over the blued surface.

"Dot isn't brogen," he sighed. "It neffer had no ram rod and de trigger chumps ond so," as he pulled the hammer back.

"Mine frient," impressively, "dot is a Pad-derson Colt, vort more dan any odder refolver.

"Dis morning de fery special price to you iss three hunnerd and vifty tollars."

Well, as I said before, the thrill, though fleeting, at least was there.

\* \* \*

## Flintlocks, Left and Right

BY DAVID NORTH

IN a lot of ancient weapons recently sold in Washington there was found a flintlock pistol with the lock on the left of the barrel. This unusual feature suggests that this weapon was one of a pair of holster pistols made "right and left," and leads to the question how common was this practice among gunsmiths of the early flint period?

Most of the pairs of pocket or coach pistols have locks on the right side of each weapon as is well known. This is also the case with duelling pistols, in the latter instance obviously for the reason that both pistols were not used at the same time by the same man.

Inquiry among several collectors, however, seems to indicate that the left hand lock is not very commonly encountered. This may be a feature of holster pistols of some certain locality or period or even of some certain maker. About the only definite data so far encountered is that during a quite early period—from about 1710 to 1740—pairs of flintlock pistols were made right and left in Scotland, England and Spain; and unfrequent examples of these have been encountered.

On the other hand, the left hand lock has been



found more often among rifles and fowling pieces than among pistols. These without doubt were not the result of "pairing" but of individual left-handedness or poor sight or total blindness in the right eye. At any rate the point is interesting enough for further discussion as undoubtedly among the collectors of the country who number their specimens by the hundreds, this type of pistol must have been encountered in sufficient instances to warrant some intelligent surmise concerning it.

Unfortunately the pistol in Washington is in poor condition. The stock is chipped, and the butt mask and trigger guard are missing. But sufficient of its original character remains to indicate a strongly probable Spanish origin, and it is manifestly a weapon designed for hard, practical service rather than occasional use.

\* \* \*

## A Dream Come True

BY B. G. BROOME

ONCE upon a time, (1888) there was a little boy who lived in a large Eastern city. His favorite book was Cooper's "Deerslayer," and on rainy Saturday afternoons, snugly seated in a big arm-chair, he would read slowly and intently his favorite parts of the narrative.

In the intensity of his imagination he saw a noble buck walk leisurely from the forest to the brook; drink his fill and then return to the dark recess of the giant trees and vines. In a little sun-lit glade just at a turn of the brook he fancied he saw himself; a tall, slim youth, clad in fringed gray buckskin, beaded mocassins, and a fur cap of red fox. At his side hung a beaded bullet-pouch and a large powder horn, while in his hands was a long, flint-lock rifle; a counterpart of "Deerslayers," famous "Killdeer"; a trusty weapon that was "sartin death" to "varmint" be they Injuns or painters."

When about fifteen years old this boy spent two months of the summer in the "wilds" of the Catskill Mountains, and he found that a part of his dream had come true. He wore a pair of self-made buckskin mocassins, an old moth-eaten coonskin cap and he carried a long, percussion lock squirrel rifle with its accompanying bullet-pouch and powder horn. Often this "Deerslayer" in miniature made a noon-day camp and roasted a fat squirrel he had shot or broiled a big trout he had caught in an obscure brook. Was he happy? Yes and no. Yes, for all but the rifle; it was not the flintlock of his dreams and desires, so the climax of his ambition had not as yet arrived.

What man is there, be he white or black or red or yellow that has no hobby. I personally have known but few. Once in Arizona I met a Navajo Indian whose hobby was the collecting of fine strings of coral and turquoise; a New York banker of great prominence who had a wonderful collection of stamps and coins and who was in quest of a certain rare stamp to crown his collection. In San Francisco I recall a Chinaman; a rich merchant, who had a world famous collection of carved jade and who had agents in Asia and Europe looking for a rare old jade carving of Confucius.

So it goes; each having his own particular

hobby earnestly endeavoring to make it fill the "want" niche in his mind and life.

The little boy I mentioned grew to manhood; a "rolling stone" of course, that gathered no "moss" but happily rolled from coast to coast and from Canada to central Mexico; in offices, mines, stores etc.; on cattle ranches, Indian land surveys, logging camps, Government projects etc., and all the time of his "rolling" he never quite relaxed his search for the flint-lock rifle of his dreams. A real Revolutionary type of "Kentucky" rifle of long, slim, graceful stock; good rifling and in unbroken or "restored" condition.

From a Navajo Indian he learned to make flint arrowpoints; from a Mexican he learned to make hair and rawhide ropes; from a '49'er he learned to pan for gold; and from an old time Texas Ranger he learned all the tricks of rifle and revolver use. All this and more, but the only flint-lock rifles he ever saw were broken wrecks in museums or beautiful inlaid ones in private collections. The "hunter's rifle" seemingly had quite disappeared from the world.

It took thirty years for the Chinaman to obtain the climax carving for his jade collection; the banker was all of twenty years in finding the certain stamp for which he paid several thousand dollars; and the heart-desired rifle came to my friend at the end of nearly thirty years. It then came from the mountains of Tennessee where it had been since the end of the Revolution; in the possession of a descendant of one of Sevier's Riflemen who used it in the battle of King's Mountain. It had accompanied it's original owner from Virginia when he with his bride, a couple of pack horses and a dog made part of a cavalcade of pioneers going to the new settlements on the Watauga River in the state of "Franklyn."

In looking at the few remaining flint-lock rifles one wonders at their wonderful state of preservation. We forget that as a rule they were carried and treated with as much care as if they had been made of glass, and why not? A serious break or accident to the rifle far from a gunsmith reduced it to the level of a mere club and "Injuns an' bars" and game as well would laugh at a man with a broken gun. Then too a poor shot or a misfire meant hunger, death or worse than death; capture, and being burnt alive at a stake with a screaming mob of savages taunting one's agony. Every grain of powder was treasured, every scrap of lead; flints were "picked" sharp and true and priming was constantly watched and guarded. No wonder Kit Carson said "allays aim ter be keerful an' allays be keerfull ter aim."

My friend's old rifle had been for nearly one hundred years both protector and provider for it's owners. Once in it's life it had been rebored to a slightly larger caliber but it was still unbroken and undefiled by alteration to a cap-lock. It had always been kept clean and free from rust and when slight repairs were needed they had been done by skillful and reverent hands.

In private collections of old guns there are many flint-lock guns and rifles far more beautiful with their inlays of gold, silver and pearl than old "Ginger," which is in a class by itself, being purely a hunter's rifle with only two inlays of brass and the usual "lucky" half-moon on the cheekpiece. The brass patchbox is large and plain, giving ample room for many buckskin patches and a goodly quantity of deer tallow.

The real interest is in it's long, graceful lines and the dark stained maple stock that blends perfectly into the long, brown-black octagon barrel. There is but little bright metal to attract the attention of "Injuns or varmints." The bore must have been unusually true for even now after fifty years of use it is nearly perfect. The original bore must have been fully as good as the sear shows almost continual use up to a decade ago.

Even as the millenium must come some time, so my friend's dream of boyhood days finally came true, and now on crisp October and November days he sallies forth with old "Ginger," and by counting the sharp whip-like reports one can be almost certain of the number of squirrels he will bring home. The only cost of his hunting is that of powder for he makes his own bullets and flints; a pound of black rifle powder being sufficient for nearly one hundred loads.

In these days of efficient up-to-date guns, ammunition and accessories, I smile when I see my friend go forth to hunt with his one hundred and fifty-year-old rifle, and bring back a mess of squirrels such as any sportsman with a modern rifle would envy. To see him in the woods with old "Ginger" on his arm, an old-time pouch and powder horn at his side one's mind instinctively flies to Cooper's "Leather Stocking Tales" and I know my friend almost feels he is "Natty Bumpo" for a few hours at least and is happy in the realization that his boyhood's dream came true at last.

So the years come and go and man's mind will ever seek it's ideal, be it stamps, carved jade, books, pictures, rods or guns or anything. Guns and fishing rods will advance in type and effectiveness until game and game fish are no more. Only twenty or thirty years more and hunting and fishing will be gone unless protection is more stringently enforced. The guns of fifty years ago have well nigh disappeared; those of twenty-five years ago are almost obsolete and in one hundred years who can say what type of gun will then be used and for what purpose?

Yet I feel sure that no matter what year or place it may be, old "Ginger" will still be "going strong;" perhaps in private hands or perhaps in some museum but still in good shooting order and only lacking a pinch of powder, a patched ball and a flake of flint to make it a weapon to oppose an invader or awaken the echoes of the forest and recall the days of "Natty Bumpo" and his immortal "Killdeer."

And now I'll come to the moral of this true story, and it is this: I believe every man and boy in this country should have in his mind and possession an ideal rifle and that he should strive to use it as "Deerslayer" used his "Killdeer;" making every shot a good one and remembering that marksmanship is not always killing something. Be merciful and play fair. The time will come again some day when the Nation will need expert riflemen and as a Nation we will be prepared as were the Minute Men of the Revolution. In the battle of the Alamo in 1836, Davy Crockett and his handful of patriots shot so well that of the nearly two thousand Mexicans they killed, nearly all were hit in the head or chest and it was with flint-locks they did it. So, no matter what make or type of rifle you use, remember that it's the skill in it's use that counts.





Conducted by **C.B. Lister**

### INDUSTRIAL LEAGUES

In New Haven, Connecticut, the industrial league idea has been developed to a greater extent, it is believed, than anywhere else in the country. The various industrial leagues embrace every line of activity with the exception of lacrosse and ski-jumping. Seven clubs are in the industrial rifle league. Each club fires one match with every other club, making a six weeks' schedule. Now that outdoor weather is arriving, industrial athletic endeavors are generally attracting a great deal of attention locally. Rifle shooting has become firmly established as an industrial, recreational activity in many large plants. It would be established in many more manufacturing centers if range facilities were available. There is an opening in this direction for civilian clubs which is well worth looking into. By recruiting members from all the plants in the community, an industrial league may be gotten under way within the club itself. From this as a nucleus, the interest in shooting in each plant may be worked up to the point where a club can be organized in several of the larger manufacturing organizations. Such activity must inevitably result in a considerable amount of newspaper publicity which will reflect to the benefit of the civilian club originating the movement. Furthermore, there is the possibility of improved range facilities for all concerned, through the pooling of the material which may be requisitioned by each outfit.

\* \* \*

### R. O. T. C. STUDENTS DONATE NATIONAL MATCH TROPHY

The action of the National Society of Scabbard & Blade in appropriating funds for the purchase of a trophy to be awarded at Camp Perry, Ohio, indicates the interest which the R. O. T. C. units are taking in rifle shooting in general and in the matches at Camp Perry in particular. Scabbard & Blade is a national organization with its membership chosen from the cadet officers of institutions wherein senior R. O. T. C. units are located. The National Rifle Association has accepted the trophy with the understanding that definite decision as to the match in which it will be awarded will be arrived at when the program for the Camp Perry meeting is made up.

\* \* \*

### A REAL .22 CALIBER MATCH

The Metropolitan match held under the auspices of the Brooklyn Rifle Club on May 18th, 1924 at Fort Hamilton Brooklyn, N. Y., was attended by a large gathering of able and efficient marksmen, with men like John Hession, Paul Lahn, Leonard Miller, John Gillies, Winner of the Metropolitan Championship at the 47th Regi-

ment Armory, Donald Baker, C. B. Adkins, Chas. St. John, and many others competing. It was a hard thing to pick a possible winner. The match proved to be a great success and everyone went home satisfied that the winners were entitled to their trophies. The course of fire was over the 200-yard range, 50 shots for record, two targets, twenty-five shots on each target.

The winner was John W. Hession, Second Samuel M. Milman, Third Joseph Martin, Fourth Donald Baker. The prizes offered were a gold medal to first, a silver medal to second, a bronze medal to third, and another bronze medal to fourth place.

This match is an annual event and is open to all comers. Johnny in winning this has taken it the fifth time.

Don't be misled to believe that this was an easy matter for a twenty-five mile wind was blowing first from one side then from another, and many fours and threes at nine and three o'clock were spotted but not a word was heard that would not be fit for a woman to hear. That will give you an idea of what good sports we had with us.

The scores of the first four men were as follows,

John W. Hession 245 x 250.  
Samuel M. Milman 244 x 250.  
Joseph Martin 243 x 250.  
Donald Baker 242 x 250.

\* \* \*

### 104th RESERVE DIVISION INTERESTED IN DEVELOPING RIFLEMEN

As a result of the inquiry of Lt. Wm. C. Carpenter, Infantry, O. R. C. of Deary, Idaho, the Chief of Staff of the 104th Reserve Division with headquarters in Salt Lake City, Utah, has requested information relative to the organization of rifle clubs and the various matches staged by the National Rifle Association with a view to publishing this information in the *Division Bulletin* for the information of all Reserve officers attached to the 104th Division.

We have felt for some time that the Reserve Corps might profitably take the opportunity offered by the rifle shooting game to instill more active interest in Reserve Corps activities. The rifle is today, as it has been for many years, the decisive factor in battle and the training of no soldier is complete or even approximately complete without training in the use of the rifle and the automatic pistol. Naturally, aside from this fact, the opportunity for increasing the *esprit de corps* of the Reserve organization through the medium of competition rifle matches with other Reserve, Regular and National Guard organizations as well worth following up. It is to be hoped that the movement started in the 104th Reserve Division may extend to the entire Reserve organization in the United States.

### EXTENSIVE SUMMER SHOOTING PROGRAM FOR ILLINOIS

The Illinois State Rifle Association has adopted the following program for the remainder of the season in Illinois. The matches started at Fort Sheridan on May 4th, and a copy of the program has just been received here.

June 1—200 yards practice and record firing N. R. A. program.  
June 8—10 a. m. to 1 p. m., Novelty Match Extreme Rapid Fire. One p. m. to Retreat, 100 meter Free Rifle Match, International conditions, except twenty shots in each position.  
June 15—600 yards and 1,000 yards practice.  
June 22—Chicago Rifle Association's Match No. 2.  
June 29—200-, 300-, and 600-yard practice.  
July 4—Long range championship of Illinois, any rifle, any sights, 1,000 yards.  
July 13—300-, 600-, and 1,000-yard practice.  
July 20—Chicago Rifle Association's Match, 600 yards.  
July 22—200- and 300-yard slow and rapid rifle practice.  
August 10—200-, 300-, and 600-yard practice.  
August 24—Chicago Rifle Association's Match, Leech Cup conditions.  
August 31—Practice.  
September 7—200-, 300-, and 600-yard practice.

\* \* \*

### WHY THE SWISS ARE GOOD SHOTS

One reason why the Swiss are a nation of riflemen lies in the fact that for more than a century an annual shooting festival has been a national institution. The centenary of the establishment of this custom will be observed this year not only with a series of marksmanship contests but with an impressive pageant depicting the development of firearms.

In June 1824, exactly one hundred years ago, the Federal Shooting Association, was founded at Aarau, a time-honored, flourishing city on the River Aar, between Soleure and Zurich, and ever since at regular intervals a shooting match, the *Tir Fédéral*, as it is called in French, has been held. The festival always takes place in a different city, most towns of any importance in the Confederation having been the scene of the event at one time or another, some of them more than once. This movable nature of the gathering tends to give spirit to its recurrence, each town competing with its predecessor in the heartiness of its welcome to competitors and visitors and in the splendor of its preparations.

Shooting matches were already popular in Switzerland, on a smaller scale, in the Middle Ages. However, the different then existing societies gradually fell into decay, and it was only after the effects of the French Revolution had begun to fade away that the memory of the old-time shooting matches began to revive. The progress made in the manufacture of firearms tended to intensify the re-awakening, with the result that the Swiss rifle shooters who assembled in a patriotic contest at Aarau from June 7-12, 1824, resolved on that occasion "to unite and grow stronger and more efficient in this beautiful and vital art necessary for the defense of the Confederation," and they therefore founded the Swiss Federal Shooting Association.

The resolutions, made one hundred years ago, have perpetuated ever since and when the now numerous members of the Association will once again meet at Aarau they will all be guided by the spirit of 1824.

Inasmuch as the Bernese Shooting Societies will have the honor of accompanying the Federal Banner of the Sharpshooters—which had been entrusted to their care since 1910—to the festive city, they have decided to precede their march

into Aarau by an appropriate historical parade, particularly destined to illustrate the history and development of Bernese defense in connection with the different wars the Bernese had to fight from time to time.

The era without firearms, from the thirteenth to the fourteenth century, will be pictured by men, often equipped with a heavy coat of mail, carrying bows and arrows, halberds, spears, swords and daggers. Then comes the dawn of the first firearms and as the centuries with many feuds and struggles flit by the participants in the parade display the weapons of the period they represent, until gradually the onlookers will behold the most modern rifles, guns and machine guns which were in use during those recent memorable years of the World War, when Switzerland had to keep a steady watch at her front;—a parade which will prove an inspiration to natives and foreign visitors alike.

In view of its centennial character, the Shooting Festival at Aarau will be doubly brilliant and interesting. Swiss citizens residing in foreign countries have been invited to partake in an honorary contest especially arranged for them, extending from July 19 to August 1, and inasmuch as the trophies and prizes for the numerous shooting matches figuring on the official program of the festival will be awarded on a bigger scale than ever before, the event is expected to become a new milestone in the history of the Federal Shooting Association.

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#### THE AMES FACULTY RIFLE CLUB CONCLUDES SUCCESSFUL SEASON

The following extracts from the President's report of the Ames Faculty Rifle Club indicate that this organization, one of the most consistent on the N. R. A. lists, is all set for a continuation of its activities during the coming year:

The Ames Faculty Rifle Club has enjoyed the most successful year of its existence. In spite of the loss of three men from last year's team, including a shot of international reputation, the team stood 12th in the interclub championships as against 13th for last year.

Our two beginners stood 2nd and 3rd in the beginners' match.

The team registered 3 victories over the Lawrence Park team of Erie, Pennsylvania, and 1 over the Western Reserve Rifle Club of Cleveland, Ohio. Clubs having many times the membership of the Ames Faculty Rifle Club.

Three members of the team shot the Army Qualification course. All three qualified. Two as sharpshooters and one as Expert Rifleman.

Prospects for next year look promising. We have our old team to start with, with several new men crowding the present members for a place on the team. Barring accidents, I am looking forward to a good year for the club.

Alfred K. Friedrich, Pres.

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#### RIVERSIDE, CALIFORNIA GOING AHEAD WITH NEW RANGE

Snapshots received from Mr. W. S. Carmichael, secretary of the Riverside (California) Rifle Club indicate that considerable progress has been made on the new range which the Riverside Club is installing. Mr. Carmichael informs us that the Riverside range will be used by members of Company "H," 160th Infantry, and by members of the Pasadena Rifle Club, part of the Los Angeles Club, Long Beach, and all other clubs within traveling distance, as there are no other club ranges in that vicinity longer than 200 yards. We hope to be able to print some pictures of the Riverside range when it has been completed.

#### DOINGS OF THE ROOSEVELT RIFLE CLUB

We can now begin to write the history of this club, which is still on the bottle, and but four months old. We have progressed so far that we cannot ever hope to backtrack successfully, and so must go on our illustrious way. We will therefore have a club meeting on June 9, a Monday, to elect permanent officers, and bang the final nails into the work, so far well done. This meeting will be at Mr. Gillies' office, 80 West 40th Street, and will get together at 8.00 P. M. Please be there.

As we—meaning the club, always—said we have been kicking our way into the game, and have been making some fine friends. On Sunday, May 18, a few of our members butted into the Metropolitan Match held by the Brooklyn Club at Fort Hamilton, and Jack Hession won it, with Gillies and Hassall shooting well down with sixth and seventh places. In the afternoon a 100-yard re-entry match was shot, and Gillies won first, with Hassall second. So Roosevelt had good luck in that match.

On Sunday, May 25, our own club staged a 100—200 Match, at the outdoor range, and it was well attended with shooters from other clubs. There was a puffy strong wind at 2 o'clock. Twenty shots at 100 and twenty shots at 200 yards. The scores ran as follows:

##### 100- & 200-Yard Open Re-entry Match

PLACE	NAME	CLUB	YARDS	YARDS	TOTAL
1.	J. W. Hession, R'velt*		99-98	99	236
2.	Donald Baker, Brklyn†		95-93	100	238
3.	Fred Anderson, M'wah†		97-97	94	238
4.	Mrs. J. M. Hilborn, Rvt†		96-95	96	237
5.	J. M. Hilborn, R'vt†		97-96	94	237
6.	E. B. Rice, Mahwah†		98-98	89	235
7.	D. J. Murphy, Bkln†		97-94	93	234
8.	Ed. Hellingen, Rvt†		94-93	92	279
9.	Walter Kelsey, Rvt†		98-96	82	276
10.	S. M. Milman, Bkln†		92-90	78	260
11.	E. H. Benson, Mahwah†		93-91	76	260
12.	H. D. Wilber, Rvt†		91-91		
13.	T. Hassall, R'velt†				
14.	C. S. Meyers, R'velt†		90-88		
15.	M. T. Johnson, Mt. Vrn.		82-84		
16.	C. T. Fuller, Mt. Vrn.		82-83		

\* Gold medal. † Silver medal. § Bronze medal.

From the foregoing it seems that said Hession, otherwise known as "The Human Weather-vane" is one good guy when it comes to riding .22 bullets in a wind. We might in the same breath venture the remark that he ought to be a good crap shooter, but we dare not. Anyway a good time was had by all hands, and new men came out and wasted a lot of ammunition along with the old boys. *These new guys are the most important thing in the game, and one new man with a rifle is just as important as two old ones*, as that means that the game is progressing. So bring in the new boys and we will torture them into good shooting.

On June 8, a Sunday, we will hold a little Palma Match at the outdoor range, and as usual all hands are invited to jump in, regardless of club. All Roosevelt matches are open matches unless otherwise specified. We will shoot the Palma course about three times, at a nominal cost of about fifty cents a ticket, with a few medals doled out to winners. The main thing is that it will be good fun, and good preparation for Sea Girt, where we hope to walk over the world, maybe. Maybe, principally. However, we can hope as hard as we like, and you can put down some little bets that we are going to stick some bully teams into those matches, and have a lot of good fun winning or losing them. It does not matter whether you win or lose, so long as you shoot them and enjoy it. Remember the

other guy is a good sort and when he wins, he feels good about it, and you should be right with him. A good loser is the rarest of mortals, and we must be that; *but*, that must not lessen the scrap you put up at all.

#### EXECUTIVE OFFICERS.

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#### ENTRIES CLOSE SOON

There is not a great deal of time left to decide on whether or not you are going to get into the spring outdoor matches. The following extract from the weekly bulletin of the secretary of the Mound City Rifle Club shows how the St. Louis organization is following up this subject. It might pay you to get out a bulletin to your club members.

I have on hand several copies of the N. R. A. Program of the outdoor matches. A card will bring you a copy. Several are entering the individual matches. There are tyro matches. The Club has been entered in the team match. Our standing in this match will depend on how many members help out. Where do you want to see our Club in the final list that will be published in THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN? By the way—you can get THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN a whole year for two dollars—National Rifle Association, Washington, D. C. Just a piece of ancient history: Mound City two years ago won the Kneeling Team Match against all the crack teams of the United States. Let's climb back near the top again. We can do it—IF—

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#### AUSTIN RIFLE CLUB ENTERS NEW QUARTERS AS MEMBERSHIP GROWS

The following extract from *The Austin Statesman* of Friday, May 23 will be of interest to all riflemen interested in the growth of the sport throughout the United States:

The rapid growth of the Austin Rifle Club recently has made it necessary that larger quarters be obtained and for this purpose a business meeting was called following the contest last night at which it was arranged to make the required move. P. H. Rylander, one of the oldest members of the Austin Rifle Club, having been connected with the club for more than seven years, voluntarily donated to the club a complete set of gallery equipment to furnish the new home of the local gunmen which will be located at 403 Colorado Street as a result of the decision made at the business session.

The new location chosen by the members of the club will be sufficiently large to accommodate many more new members, the new building being 45 feet wide and 50 yards in length. Three complete ranges will be installed including a complete gallery of moving targets and the usual "hit the bell."

It is the intention of the members to furnish the new building quarters with regular club rooms in order that meetings might be held there as well as entertainments and shooting matches.

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#### NEW MEXICO HAS NEW STATE SECRETARY

Mr. James C. McConvery has been appointed N. R. A. State Secretary for New Mexico. Mr. McConvery is manager of the "Santa Fe New Mexico," and in that capacity will be able to help a great deal in seeing that the rifle shooting game in his State receives the publicity which is essential to the success of the sport. Riflemen in New Mexico should keep in touch with the new State secretary and offer him all possible cooperation in the organization of new clubs and the building up of clubs already in existence.

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#### OFFHAND SHOOTERS TO GET BUSY JULY 15th

The Seventh Annual American Record Match has been scheduled for the period July 15 to August 15. This match has come to be looked forward to each year by the Scheutzen rifle clan.



## National Intercollegiate Rifle Match

The National Intercollegiate Match with the service rifle, authorized for the first time this year, was held on the United States Naval Academy Range at Annapolis on Saturday, May 17th. The competition was a success from every standpoint. The match was keenly contested, smoothly conducted, and well attended. The visiting rifle-men were afforded all the courtesy of other visiting athletic teams at the Government's big school for sea-fighters, teams arriving Friday being quartered in the midshipmen's barracks and given the facilities of the Academy Range for preliminary practice on the day before the match. Saturday morning all the teams entered were on hand by ten o'clock. They were carried across the Severn in motor cutters and given a touch of salt spray en route as an invigorator.

The Academy has two ranges on Government property across the river from the Academy proper. One range is limited to 200 yards and the other extends back to 1000 yards. All firing in the National Intercollegiate Match was done over the latter range.

Firing started on schedule time, at 11 A. M., with Lieutenant P. R. Cooley, the Naval Academy Rifle Squad's mentor, in charge of the firing as Chief Range Officer. Colonel William Libbey, President of the Intercollegiate Rifle Association of N. R. A. Clubs, was Executive Officer, and Col. C. E. Stodter, Director of Civilian Marksmanship, Assistant Executive Officer.

The first stage, 200 yards off-hand, proved something of a surprise because of the high average of the scores turned in by the first six teams. Naval Academy Team No. 2 took the lead with a team total of 261, but the University of Pennsylvania was only three points behind, with 258, followed by Syracuse, 256, Naval Academy Team No. 1, 253, George Washington University, 252, and Naval Academy Team No. 3, 251. Norwich University, in view of its performance in the gallery matches, was looked on as a strong contender in the National Intercollegiate. There were two scores of 46 on the Norwich team, but two low scores pulled the team total down to 44. There were also two 46's chalked up to the credit of the Navy No. 2, one 46 to Pennsylvania, and one to Syracuse.

The second stage, 200 yards rapid fire, showed the Naval Academy first team in its real prospective as a fighting, consistent shooting organization. Their team score of 286 at this stage was eleven points better than the Naval Academy second team could do, and eighteen points ahead of the University of Pennsylvania and Norwich, who tied with 268 apiece. Syracuse turned in a 267, and George Washington, 266. Navy No. 3 tied the Hatchettes 266. The lowest score registered for the Naval Academy first team shooting on the A target was 45. They had one 46, one 47, two 49's, and a possible. At the conclusion of the 200-yard rapid fire stage, time was called for lunch. The Filipina Mess Boys had brought over from the Academy a boat load of sandwiches, hard boiled eggs, lemonade, oranges, apples, and all the fixings required for a picnic luncheon de luxe. There were several barrels of provisions brought over at the expense of much tugging and pulling and human exertion. The same barrels

went back without any exertion at all, having been completely and methodically emptied.

As a result of the rapid fire stage, there had been considerable realignment of the teams, and when the firing line moved back for the 200-yard rapid fire stage, the standing of the teams was as follows: Naval Academy first, 539, Naval Academy second, 536, Pennsylvania, 526, Syracuse, 523, George Washington, 518, Naval Academy third, 517, Norwich 512, Maryland, 579, and St. Johns, 567. With the 300-yard rapid first stage on the A target and twenty shots at 600 yards still to go, the match was as much anybody's at this stage as it had been before firing started in the morning. Naval Academy first kept its stride and turned in a team total of 281 on the strength of some really remarkable team work which resulted in the low score for the team being 46, while two 48's were high. Syracuse, fighting gamely, turned in the second high total at this range with a score of 271. This team had the courage and the team spirit, but were outgunned by the Naval Academy riflemen on the strength of the latter's steady practice and weekly competitions with any adversaries who could be signed up for an argument over the Intercollegiate Match course. George Washington University, with a 269, was third; Naval Academy third, with 267, was fourth; Naval Academy second team, 264, was next, and Pennsylvania stayed in the running with a 263. The performance of Navy one at this stage gave them a commanding lead of twenty-six points over Syracuse, which looked good to win, although with teams of six and twenty shots per man to be fired at 600 yards, there was just a possibility that the close holding, fighting New Yorkers might nose out the midshipmen.

At the 600-yard stage all the teams, but particularly those from other institutions than the Naval Academy, suffered somewhat because of the fact that in order to complete the match on time it was necessary to place the whole team on the firing line at once, thereby adding materially to the difficulties of the match. Syracuse did all that it had any right to hope for at 600 yards, turning in a team total of 570, the lowest score on the team being a 94, with one 99 to help matters along. This score was four points better than the Naval Academy first or second teams could register, both these teams turning in 566. George Washington University chalked up a 563 and Pennsylvania a 549, Naval Academy third team slipping into sixth place for the stage with a 537. Norwich failed to come back and could only turn in 526, one point behind the University of Maryland aggregation. The final results gave the midshipmen the match on both first and second counts, Syracuse finishing third, two points behind the Naval Academy second team. The complete scores were as follows:

Naval Academy Team No. 1					
Name	200 S.	200 R.	300 R.	600 S.	Total
Mumma	43	49	46	93	231
Fisher	43	50	48	96	237
Smith	42	47	46	88	223
Rawlins	43	45	46	99	233
May	43	49	47	95	234
Cox	39	46	48	95	228
Range Total	253	286	281	566	1386

Naval Academy Team No. 2					
Name	200 S.	200 R.	300 R.	600 S.	Total
Morgan	44	48	47	99	238
Hyman	46	50	46	96	238
Harris	40	48	46	96	230
Ray	46	47	40	93	226
Borgen	41	40	40	91	212

Shepherd	44	42	45	91	222
Range Total	261	275	264	566	1366

Syracuse					
Name	200 S.	200 R.	300 R.	600 S.	Total
Porter	44	45	46	94	229
Comstock	45	45	45	94	229
Heffernan	46	44	46	94	230
Partridge	38	47	45	99	229
Love	39	41	43	94	217
Frost	44	45	46	95	230
Range Total	256	267	271	570	1364

George Washington					
Name	200 S.	200 R.	300 R.	600 S.	Total
Everett	43	46	43	91	223
Newcomb	42	43	46	97	228
Barry	40	39	45	91	215
Stokes	42	46	48	96	232
Trimble	41	47	43	93	224
Espey	44	45	44	95	228
Range Total	252	266	269	563	1350

Pennsylvania					
Name	200 S.	200 R.	300 R.	600 S.	Total
Dupont	44	47	47	94	232
Williams	40	43	42	92	217
Valgenti	43	44	39	87	213
Dodson	46	36	50	94	226
Douglas	42	50	45	92	229
Lindquist	43	48	40	90	221
Range Total	258	268	263	549	1331

Naval Academy Team No. 3					
Name	200 S.	200 R.	300 R.	600 S.	Total
Falge	42	44	41	87	214
Wilkins	41	45	44	85	215
Perkins	39	43	45	89	216
Orville	41	46	44	94	225
Tucker	47	44	47	89	227
Blinn	41	44	46	93	224
Range Total	251	266	267	537	1321

Norwich					
Name	200 S.	200 R.	300 R.	600 S.	Total
Marsh	32	43	44	83	202
Ashton	40	45	46	91	222
Castle	46	45	44	90	225
Streicher	36	47	40	93	216
Huss	45	44	42	82	213
Range Total	244	268	260	526	1298

Maryland					
Name	200 S.	200 R.	300 R.	600 S.	Total
DeAtley	25	41	43	86	195
Schreiner	41	49	41	81	212
King	33	40	44	93	210
Chestnut	41	47	44	89	221
Trimble	40	45	42	86	213
Yilek	41	41	40	92	214
Range Total	221	258	254	527	1260

St. Johns					
Name	200 S.	200 R.	300 R.	600 S.	Total
Reeves	34	42	39	81	196
Mortimer	39	41	45	88	213
McKeney, G.B.	38	42	45	93	218
McKeney, R.S.	38	43	33	74	188
Quaid	35	44	39	86	204
Kerr	35	36	34	88	192
Range Total	219	248	235	510	1212

As soon as the last pair had arisen from the line, Colonel Williams Libbey presented the medals to the winning teams on behalf of the National Board for Promotion of Rifle Practice.

## MUMMA TO LEAD NAVAL ACADEMY RIFLEMAN IN 1925

Midshipman Morton C. Mumma, Jr., generally known to the members of the clan as "young Mumma," was elected Captain of the Midshipmen's Rifle Team for next year at the conclusion of the unusually successful year which the Naval Academy Team has just been through.

At the annual presentation of honor awards, Midshipman Mumma was also awarded the gold medal for the rifle shooting championship of the Academy.

The Naval Academy Team this year defeated all comers, including a picked team from the Maryland State Rifle Assn., the D. C. National Guard, the Marine Barracks at Quantico, Virginia, the Seventy-First Regiment of New York, and the six colleges competing in the National Intercollegiate Service Rifle Match. It is unfortunate that the annual training cruise of the regiment of midshipmen makes it impossible for them to send a team to the National Matches, where they would undoubtedly give a splendid account of themselves.



The conditions call for any rifle, any sight, 200 yards, fifty shots standing.

Mr. D. Verne Moses, secretary of the Ames Faculty Rifle Club, 212 Hazel Avenue, Ames, Iowa, will handle the match this year.

#### THAT FOURTH OF JULY HOLIDAY

Most people are agreed on the wisdom of a safe and sane Fourth of July celebration. Most of them are also agreed on the wisdom of taking advantage of the holiday to enjoy themselves somewhere away from home for a few hours. There could certainly be no safer or saner method of celebrating the Fourth than by means of rifle matches, and you will have to look a long way to find any better place to spend your few hours or few days away from home than at one of the two small-bore tournaments which have been sanctioned by the National Rifle Association this year at Sea Girt, New Jersey, and Chicago, Illinois. The Sea Girt program is now on the press and will be available for distribution almost by the time this magazine reaches you. Details of the Chicago meeting can be obtained from Mr. N. H. Burlingame, 11 N. Wells Street, Chicago, Ill., Mr. T. G. Lively, Executive Officer, Illinois State Rifle Assn., 3917 N. Tripp Ave., Chicago; or Major F. W. Parker, Jr., President, Illinois State Rifle Association, Marquette Building, Chicago, Illinois.

It is the aspiration of the N. R. A. to have Independence Day celebrated all over the United States within the next few years through the medium of these regional small-bore or service rifle shoulder-to-shoulder meetings. The Sea Girt small-bore tournament has become a fixture looked forward to by every rifleman within travel distance, and the program for this year is the most satisfactory from the standpoint of the beginner, as well as from the standpoint of the expert, which has ever been adopted for the meeting on the beautiful New Jersey range.

The matches at Chicago are the first attempt of the riflemen in that section to stage a regional championship, but the program is a broad one and holds ample promise for all comers. Shooting will be done in one of Chicago's lakeside parks under ideal conditions, and visitors from throughout the Great Lakes region are assured of a hearty welcome and full three days' shooting.

#### ANN ARBOR GETTING UNDER WAY

As this issue of the magazine goes in the mail, Ann Arbor, Michigan, is staging a two-day program which should help considerably in interesting the sportsmen of that section of Michigan in the organized rifle shooting game. The program is well balanced, providing for an open match with high power rifles, an open match with .22-caliber rifles, a novice match and a junior match for boys ten to sixteen years of age. The last-named event in particular is worthy of the attention of other clubs. Boys from fourteen to sixteen years of age in particular will absorb a great deal of rifle training in a much shorter period than their older rifle shooting friends. If the interest of these youngsters is stimulated with frequent competitions under competent supervision the rifle clubs do not have to worry about a continual supply of new recruits to take the place of the old-timers who dropped the game for one reason or another.

#### OLYMPIC AND INTERNATIONAL TRY-OUTS AT QUANTICO

For the information of those riflemen interested in the free rifle game, the scores made by the competitors in the final try-out for the Inter-

national Rifle Team on the Marine Corps' range at Quantico, Virginia, are listed below. Space did not permit the listing of these scores in connection with the story of the try-out in the last issue.

##### First Day's Standing

Place	Name	S.	S.	S.	K.	K.	P.	Total	800	Aggregate
1.	Fisher	81	91	86	90	91	97	526	76	612
2.	Stokes, W. R.	81	91	85	88	89	93	527	83	610
3.	Fenton, D.	83	82	90	88	88	88	519	81	600
4.	Osburn, C. T.	82	92	86	86	87	96	530	69	599
5.	Hinds, S. R.	85	73	77	92	89	90	506	86	592
6.	Coulter, R. C.	78	78	85	88	90	90	509	81	590
7.	Crockett, J. W.	78	81	77	87	85	94	502	76	578
8.	Trichel, G. C.	74	81	81	82	81	98	497	77	574
9.	Stokes, R. C.	79	77	79	82	83	97	496	77	573
10.	Nason, H. L.	82	82	75	86	83	92	500	72	572
11.	Landrock, C.	81	77	88	80	79	90	495	77	572
12.	Boles, J. K.	82	80	83	76	84	87	492	73	565
13.	Monahan, S. D.	82	84	76	83	79	93	497	64	561
14.	Humphrey, M.	77	73	75	85	88	89	487	73	560
15.	Joerger, F.	71	70	75	88	84	95	483	74	557
16.	Dinwiddie, M. W.	84	83	79	83	76	92	497	57	554
17.	Dodson, B.	78	77	79	80	80	91	485	68	553
18.	Grier, J. E.	68	65	72	90	80	95	472	80	552
19.	Olson, H. G.	72	69	79	81	86	85	472	74	546
20.	Stabler, N. G.	82	75	74	75	75	90	471	74	545
21.	Westergaard	77	77	75	80	81	88	478	64	542
22.	Carney, C. T.	68	71	74	81	86	87	474	67	541

##### Second Day's Standing

Place	Name	S.	S.	S.	K.	K.	P.	Total Standing 800	Total	Stand.	Aggregate
1.	Fisher	86	86	77	92	90	93	524	1	83	1219
2.	Stokes, W. R.	74	84	88	88	81	93	508	3	82	1200
3.	Fenton	83	79	85	80	92	95	514	2	80	1194
4.	Osburn	70	85	83	82	87	95	502	4	84	1185
5.	Coulter	84	72	74	88	82	88	488	9	73	1151
6.	Hinds	76	77	81	80	88	87	478	16	77	1147
7.	Stokes, R. C.	81	75	73	80	94	93	496	7	70	1139
8.	Crockett	77	80	69	85	80	93	484	12	75	1137
9.	Landrock	83	76	80	84	82	92	497	6	60	1129
10.	Boles	85	70	68	86	88	93	490	8	73	1128
11.	Nason	71	75	80	81	83	91	481	14	71	1124
12.	Dinwiddie	79	79	82	87	83	89	499	5	71	1124
13.	Trichel	78	75	79	72	75	89	468	20	79	1121
14.	Monahan	73	78	74	87	77	94	483	13	75	1119
15.	Joerger	78	73	73	85	82	95	486	11	71	1114
16.	Grier	53	80	78	85	90	94	480	15	80	1112
17.	Carney	77	76	74	79	87	94	487	10	81	1109
18.	Humphrey	76	73	76	75	79	94	473	18	73	1106
19.	Westergaard	69	73	79	77	83	90	472	19	81	1095
20.	Stabler	71	75	78	80	78	94	476	17	68	1089
21.	Dodson	73	79	68	81	83	84	468	21	65	1086
22.	Olson	77	79	75	70	76	89	467	22	48	1061

##### Third day's standing

Place	Name	Stdg.	S.	S.	S.	K.	K.	K.	P.	Total	800	Agg.	Grand Ag.
1.	Fisher	1219	71	83	87	88	93	85	91	527	87	614	1833
2.	Stokes, W. R.	1260	74	76	82	88	87	86	98	517	69	586	1786
3.	Fenton	1194	73	88	83	85	94	86	91	521	87	614	1808
4.	Osburn	1185	75	85	81	86	92	87	94	525	81	606	1791
5.	Coulter	1151	70	79	81	79	84	88	94	503	79	584	1735
6.	Hinds	1147	65	80	77	74	87	88	98	504	82	586	1733
8.	Stokes, R. C.	1139	65	77	85	73	88	90	91	504	70	574	1713
7.	Crockett	1137	68	78	86	77	87	89	93	510	79	589	1726
9.	Landrock	1129	53	77	82	81	89	87	90	506	71	577	1706
11.	Boles	1128	83	80	67	86	81	78	92	484	78	562	1690
14.	Nason	1124	63	74	83	71	74	85	92	477	80	557	1681
10.	Dinwiddie	1124	57	87	81	88	86	81	88	519	57	576	1700
17.	Trichel	1121	64	74	82	70	81	81	89	477	68	545	1665
15.	Monahan	1119	68	77	76	81	81	84	82	481	77	558	1677
13.	Joerger	1114	63	78	77	69	84	84	95	487	83	570	1684
12.	Grier	1112	57	83	76	85	78	86	91	499	78	577	1689
16.	Carney	1109	75	76	78	80	80	80	91	485	78	563	1672
19.	Humphrey	1106	63	62	72	72	75	78	90	449	84	533	1639
18.	Westergaard	1095	52	77	76	78	83	87	90	491	68	559	1654
21.	Stabler	1089	71	73	81	79	78	84	92	487	75	562	1651
22.	Dodson	1086	65	74	79	77	69	81	86	466	63	529	1615
20.	Olson	1061	74	80	87	80	85	86	91	509	66	575	1636

#### STATE CHAMPIONS IN GALLERY COMPETITIONS ANNOUNCED

An acknowledgement of the popularity of the gallery team matches is evidenced in the announcement of five State champions for the 1924 gallery season. In order that a club may be entitled to call itself State Champion it is necessary that at least five teams be entered from that particular State. In the past there have never been more than two or three States with the necessary five teams entered. This year the Connecticut title went to the Remington Arms Club which also won the National Championship; the Ohio title to the Peerless Rifle and Revolver Club of Cleveland; the Illinois championship to the Centennial Club of Chicago; the New York championship to the Manhattan Rifle and Revolver Association and the State of Washington championship to the Vancouver Rifle Club.

#### GALLERY QUALIFICATIONS FOR MAY

The influence of the outdoor range was noticeable in the falling off in the number of gallery qualifications turned in during the month of May.

##### Expert Riflemen

Carl Otter, Worcester, Mass.	732
H. W. Dunlap, New Castle, Pa.	728

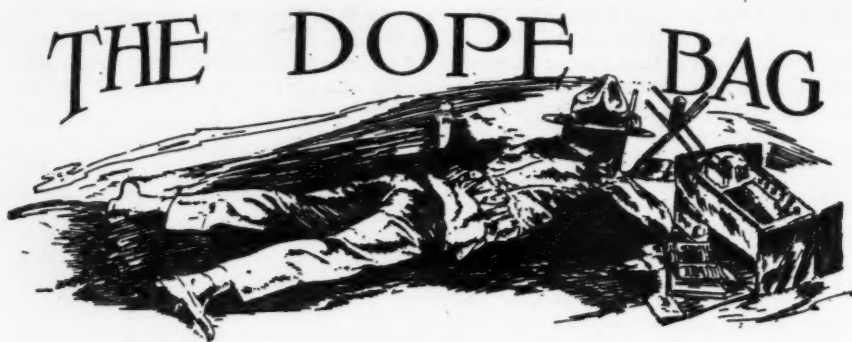
##### Sharpshooters at 75 Feet

William Purdy, Chicago, Ill.	716
K. L. Fullerton, New Castle, Pa.	714
J. T. Feuerstein, Sandusky, O.	713
W. M. Hire, Sandusky, O.	713
A. B. Sprague, Worcester, Mass.	709
J. O. Norcross, Shrewsbury, Mass.	706
R. H. Schulstad, Chicago, Ill.	703
C. E. Shaefer, Sandusky, Ohio	702

##### Marksmen

F. E. Masson, Hillsville, Pa.	694
W. S. Gibbons, Boston, Mass.	688
Martin O'Connor, Racine, Wis.	684

The only man to qualify as expert at 50 feet was Norbert Ribble, Iowa City, Iowa, score 726. E. J. Heise, of Milwaukee, qualified as sharpshooter with a score of 703.



**A FREE SERVICE TO TARGET, BIG GAME AND FIELD SHOTS  
ALL QUESTIONS BEING ANSWERED DIRECTLY BY MAIL**

Rifles and Big Game Hunting: Major Townsend Whelen    Pistols and Revolvers: Major J. S. Hatcher  
Shotgun and Field Shooting: Capt. Charles Askins

Every care is used in collecting data for questions submitted, but no responsibility is assumed for any accidents which may occur.

**WHY WERE DOUBLE ACTIONS MADE?**

**I** NOTE, from various sources, that a revolver is always to be handled as single action, cocking with the thumb. And I can well understand why this should be so. Will you please tell me why double action revolvers are made,—at least why every single present-day weapon is of the double action variety? Taking the .45 caliber tribe, I personally find the old S. A. Army much easier to handle single action than the Colt New Service. Though the former gun fits my hand much better, this greater facility of handling I find due to the fact that the hammer is easier to catch with the thumb; and last, but far from least, you have to compress only the main, hammer spring, and not in addition the trigger spring. And yet the revolvers supplied the A. E. F. were all the double action variety. And single action revolvers appear to have become obsolete. Was the double action proposition at one time a fad, so that the manufacturers tooted up their shops for it, and now cannot afford to change equipment?

I have long fancied the old S. A. Army Colt; partly perhaps because of the part it played in pioneer days, but largely because of an indescribable something which makes it fit my hand and balance, etc., as no other equally heavy gun with which I am familiar, does. And yet if this gun is obsolete,—it's day is gone forever—rather than school myself in the use of a forgotten relic, perhaps I would do better to trade it in for one of the latest variety, and learn to use this, even if at first it may seem heavy, and clumsy. What would be your opinion about this? I should greatly appreciate a comparison between the old S. A. Army Colt, the New Service, the Colt Automatic Service weapon and the Smith & Wesson .45, for actual use in hunting or self defense. Is the .45 Colt cartridge becoming obsolete in favor of the .44-40, the .38-40 and the .44 S. & W. Special? L. J. H., Baltimore, Md.

*Answer (by Maj. Hatcher).* In regard to your question as to why the double action revolver is made, I can only state my inferences on this.

Back in the days when the revolver was in a state of rapid development, there was a keen rivalry between several manufacturers, and anything that could be used as a talking point for the sale of the respective makes, was eagerly seized upon.

This was the period of the very extensive use of the revolver in the Southwest, and a great deal was heard about rapidity of shooting. This no doubt put the idea in the head of some inventor to make the revolver so that it could be fired more rapidly, and thus lead to the double action feature.

When accuracy is not considered at all, it is possible to shoot slightly faster with the double action than by cocking the hammer each time, but the gain is not very great.

About the same time, the swing-out cylinder was invented, which greatly increased the rapidity of loading, and in addition, the hammer throw was considerably shortened, which is an undoubted improvement on the Single Action Army, which has one disadvantage of very long hammer throw.

Whether the double action feature was a real improvement, or a fancied one, no manufacturer dared to abandon it. The retention of this feature did not interfere with anyone's using the revolver as a single action weapon if he chose to do so, as it was merely necessary to disregard the double action feature and continue to use the gun as had been done in the past.

There are always some people who want the very latest feature on anything they own, and these people could not be satisfied unless they had a double action gun.

The double action feature has an undoubted utility in hammerless pocket weapons. Once adopted by different arms manufacturers, it naturally remained, especially as there is no general opinion or complaint against this feature.

I do not believe that the single action army is obsolete. It has two disadvantages. One is that it is rather slower to load and unload than the later type of weapons; and the second is that the hammer is heavy and has a long travel, so that there is a possibility of a slight error, if the user is inclined to flinch, as there is a longer interval between the time the trigger is pulled and between the time the cartridge explodes than there is with some of the single actions.

To offset these slight disadvantages this weapon has the advantage of great simplicity and durability, and of a balance and fit that has never been equalled in any other weapon. It is this feature that has made it retain its popularity through all the years that it has been used.

There is very little choice between the four weapons that you mention, as they are all first-class when heavy caliber weapons are desired. The automatic has the advantage of smaller bulk.

Of the cartridges that you mention, the .45 Colt, and the .44 Smith & Wesson Special, are the best. These cartridges will not become obsolete in favor of the .44-40 and .38-40.

The .45 Colt is no where near obsolete yet, but the .44 Special is gaining on it in popularity.

Either one of these two cartridges is better for hunting or self-defense than the .45 Automatic, as this metal jacketed cartridge is more likely to glance, and does not seem to have the killing power of the lead bullet.

It is not possible to do away with the crimp in full loads for the .45 Colt, as the sharp recoil of the weapon when one cartridge is discharged, has a tendency to jar all of the other bullets forward.

With a sizer-lubricator die of .454" diameter, your neck expander should be .452" in diameter.

**CONCERNING BRITISH RIFLES**

**I** BEG to put the following questions as they refer to arms which I have just imported from England.

One rifle is a Gibbs pattern, single-shot, falling-block .303 British. The firing pin appears to be put in from the front, a la Niedner. What is the maximum safe breech pressure? Would it stand the .30-06?

Another rifle is a Frazier single-shot, falling-block .450, with ratchet rifling. Firing pin as in the Gibbs. Could this be rechambered for the .45-90? And if safe, who has the tools for the work?

I also have a couple of British Government Martini actions in first class shape. Seems to me that the main back pressure is taken by the hinge pin, and I'm having the present split pin replaced with a vanadium steel pin, solid. These actions have already stood the .303 British. With this alteration will they stand the .30-06?

Finally, don't you think the Gibbs is rather a marvelous action? I shall bow to your opinion, but at the moment it seems to me to have Browning's celebrated Winchester single-action beaten several miles. F. R. B., Norwalk, Conn.

*Answer (by Major Whelen).* It is interesting to know that you have such a lot of good rifles. I should say with regard to the Gibbs' falling block rifle that this action will stand any pressure which the brass cartridge case will stand. The maximum pressure which we consider as safe for the brass cartridge case is about 55,000 pounds per square inch.

With regard to the Frazier single-shot, falling block, .450 rifle, I think that it is probably chambered for the .450 Martini or some similar cartridge, which is much larger at its head than the .45-90. If so, the only way in which it could be rechambered would be to cut the barrel off at the breech about an inch or so, then rethread it and rechamber. Probably the most satisfactory way would be to have made entirely a new nickel steel barrel chambered for the .45-90 case, then you could use smokeless ammunition with a higher breech pressure than your old barrel would probably be good for, but the pressure should not be run up too high with the .45-90 cartridge because the brass head and walls of this cartridge case are rather thin and are not designed to stand high pressure.

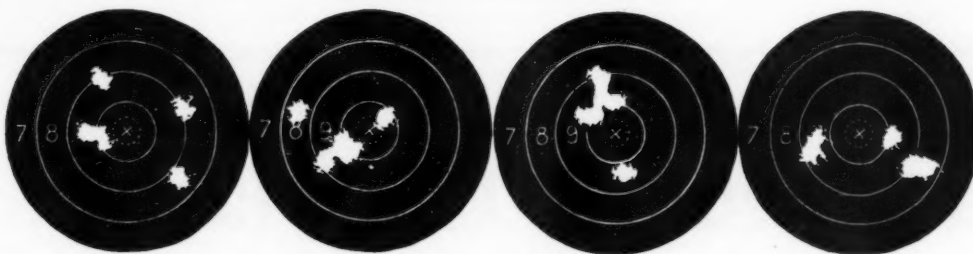
With regard to the British Government Martini actions, I think that the opinion in Great Britain is that these actions are not suitable for breech pressures much in excess of 40,000 pounds; at least, they are not used at all for such cartridges as the .303 Magnum. The only cartridges I have heard of being used are the .256 Mannlicher, the .303 British, and the old .375 rifle with 2,000 f. s. velocity. I hardly think that they are safe with the .30-06 cartridge, although the Canadian steel point might make them so. Several of the Swiss gunmakers are now furnishing Martini actions, which appear to be perfectly safe with our .30-06 cartridge.

I have always heard that the Gibbs' single falling block action was the very best of all single-shot actions. I know that Mr. F. C. Selous used one for a very long period and considered it excellent. Unfortunately, I have never seen one, although I have seen many of the usual English falling block actions.

**REDUCED LOAD FOR THE 7 MM.**

**P**LEASE advise me if you have worked out any reduced loads for the 7 mm. rifle. I assume that the bullet used would be the 139-grain bullet. It would seem to me that two loads could be worked out—one, a load having practically the same or a little greater power than the .25-35; the other, a short range load. H. J. B., Los Angeles.

*Answer (by Major Whelen).* So far I have worked up but one reduced load with the 7 mm. rifle. This was the 139-grain, pointed, full-jacketed bullet and 117 grains of du Pont No. 80 powder. It was very accurate in the two rifles in which we tried it. You could also use the same with powder charge from thirty grains up to the maximum of du Pont No. 16 powder.



Twenty shots, off-hand, twenty-five yards. Shot with the US .22 N. R. A. by Colonel C. E. Stodter, U. S. A.,  
Director of Civilian Marksmanship and Captain of United States Small-Bore Rifle Team

## Lengthening the Accuracy-Life of Your Rifle

**M**ANY a rifle is "shot out" in less than five thousand rounds because of barrel rust and consequent pitting induced by the corrosive priming of cartridges. Such a priming leaves a deposit on the bore of a rifle. This deposit readily absorbs moisture which with air, in contact with steel, causes rust. Pitting of the rifling then results and the accuracy of the arm is destroyed.

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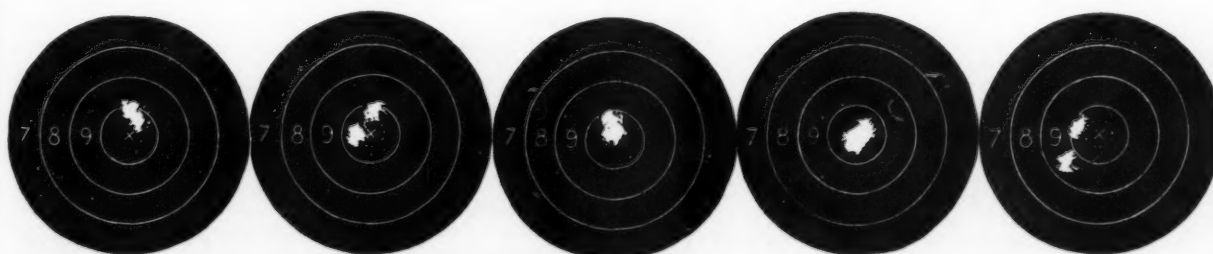
The next time you buy rim-fire ammunition for rifle, revolver or pistol, try US Cartridges—the kind with the perfected priming. You will be pleased with their accuracy, uniformity and cleanliness.

We have some very interesting exhibits showing the results of tests with our non-rusting, non-pitting priming. We shall be glad to send this information on request.

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Ten shots, prone, at twenty-five yards. Also shot by Colonel Stodter. You can "squeeze 'em in close" with the US .22 N. R. A.



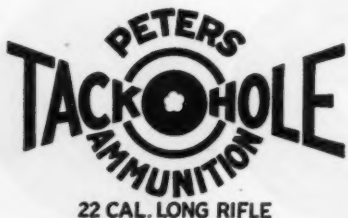
## Seven Out of Ten Places

—including first, second, third and fourth places, tells the result of that unbeatable combination—good marksmanship, plus Peters Indoor Tack-Hole Ammunition—in the Seventh Annual American Indoor Record Matches, recently concluded with 115 entries. Mr. F. E. Border of West Bend, Ia., won with the excellent score of 485 x 500 possible. Capt. T. K. Lee was runner up with 483.

Tack-Hole Ammunition is so unusually uniform in its accuracy, that, in the hands of the shooter who can hold, every shot will go exactly as intended.

With the Outdoor Matches now on, get acquainted with Peters Outdoor Tack-Hole Ammunition—the kind that embodies extreme accuracy on all ranges up to 250 yards. More marksmen every day are using this fine ammunition. Why? There must be some reason for its supreme popularity. Our answer is—because it gives the greatest returns on your skill as a marksman. A good marksman with inferior ammunition is lost entirely—but a good marksman with Tack-Hole Ammunition, is a combination that takes a better marksman with Tack-Hole Ammunition to defeat.

Tack-Hole Ammunition—both Indoor and Outdoor, is primed with a mixture that is non-erosive and non-corrosive.



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## Why Squibb and Squibb-Miller Bullets Outshoot Others

Great claims have been made for these new 30-caliber cast bullets in 30-1906, 300 Savage, 30-40 and other rifles—for their accuracy and all round serviceability. To a discerning eye, the pictures tell something of the reasons for their superiority; but pictures can not tell all.

Point by point, consider these features:

### THE SQUIBB BULLET

1. A land- or bore diameter section throats into and rides the lands snugly, thus absolutely centering the cartridge in rifle chamber.
2. A sharp dirt-scraper band removes fouling from each previous shot, which is an essential for consistent accuracy.
3. Main and base bands are over groove diameter, providing positive gas seal, conserving pressure and eliminating erosion from hot gases.
4. The oversize or .311-inch diameter is carried forward until it meets and seats in the rifling.
5. Lubricant grooves are newly and carefully designed to supply grease area in proportion to width of bands.
6. The B & M gas check cup makes an absolutely smooth, true base, undented even after passing through barrel. It also withstands the heat of smokeless powder gases, preventing fusion in heavy loads.
7. A variety of loads can be used—just a whisper or verging on "high velocity."
8. The weight and form are modeled after today's most effective jacketed bullet, the 170-grain, the scientific weight of a bullet for 30 caliber H. P. rifles.

### NICKEL MOLDS

B & M molds are made of iron or of pure Nickel. Nickel molds are wonderfully attractive. Lead does not stick to them. It flows much better in them. Nickel never corrodes or erodes or scales, never is greased, hence always is ready to begin making perfect bullets from the first metal poured. Nickel molds make better bullets and make them faster. They are made for a line of twenty-four bullets.

Analysis of the bullets brings out other advantages, but these few mentioned show how carefully their designs are calculated at every point. Their use by target and game shooters will establish a new level of performance from home-made bullets and handloads. Machine rest groups that make one ragged hole for ten shots at 100 yards give an idea of their value.

### THE SQUIBB-MILLER BULLET

1. Four front bands are snug bore diameter, to center bullet and cartridge in rifle barrel truly and positively.
2. The dirt scraper is back farther, but on the job. Look at a barrel after 100 of these bullets are fired through it.
3. Three rear bands measure .310-inch, .314-inch and .314-inch. They provide a positive gas seal from the first instant the bullet starts to move in case neck.
4. With full groove diameter plus oversize pressing into rifling, there is never any "jump" to reduce accuracy.
5. Lubricant grooves carry just enough and no excess grease. More unbalances a bullet because it is always unevenly distributed.
6. This bullet is intended for one carefully balanced load in each rifle—about equal to 32-40 in power, adequate for finest shooting at 100 and 200 yards.
7. Weight is carefully calculated to give most effective coefficient of form for 100 to 200 yards range in ten-inch twist of 30-calibers. No other weight shoots quite so well.
8. The flat point gives a wad-cutting effect in small game, killing it neatly without mangling meat.

### FACTORY CAST BULLETS

The B & M precision factory is shipping these bullets, and molds for them. The bullets are sent out fully sized and lubricated, or as they come from the molds. Try a thousand of them.

Send for Folder 3 on Gas Check Cups, Folder 4 describing these and other bullets and giving loads, Folder 4B showing how we cast better bullets, and Folder 4BM telling why B & M molds are superior.

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We are now prepared to furnish rifles with MATTED RIB BARRELS in .25 Whelen, .30-06, .35 Whelen, and .400 Whelen calibers. Also we can furnish POLDI ANTICORRO (rustless) steel barrels in .30-06 caliber.

We can build your rifle to order exactly as you want it in about six weeks' time, or we can remodel and restock your Springfield in very much less time. We also carry in stock a large number of the finest rifles in all our calibers, stocks of dimensions to fit the average American sportsmen, for those who are in a hurry. Finest imported walnut stocks.

We make a specialty of completely equipping sportsmen, hunters, and exploring expeditions in every detail—rifles, ammunition, accessories, tents, sleeping robes, air mattresses, packs, and all articles of camp equipment. Particularly African parties, as we are American agents for SHAW and HUNTER, Safari Outfitters of Nairobi, Kenya Colony, Africa. Send for new circulars on camp equipment.

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THE NAME  
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**B. S. A. SAFETIPASTE**—A wonderful protection against rusting of iron and steel.

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*"My two companions with two wool blankets, suffered, though huddled together. This Fiala Sleeping Bag is the only one I ever liked."*—Horace Kephart.



## FIALA PATENT SLEEPING BAG

Weighs but 5 lbs.; warm as 30 lbs. of blankets. No hooks, strings or crude contraptions. Write for circulars and prices.

Fiala High-Grade 22-Cal. Combination Rifle and Pistol, with 3 barrels. A \$30 Rifle for \$18. Single and Double Barrel Rifles for Alaskan and African big game—.405; .423 and .475 Calibers.

Camp or Expedition Equipment. Let us furnish estimates. We know your needs from actual experience from Arctic to Equator.

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For more than 10 years Hoppe's No. 9 has been officially recommended for the U. S. Army to clean firearms and prevent rust in them. Free Guide. Sample for 10c stamp.

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**THE ONE YOU ASKED FOR**

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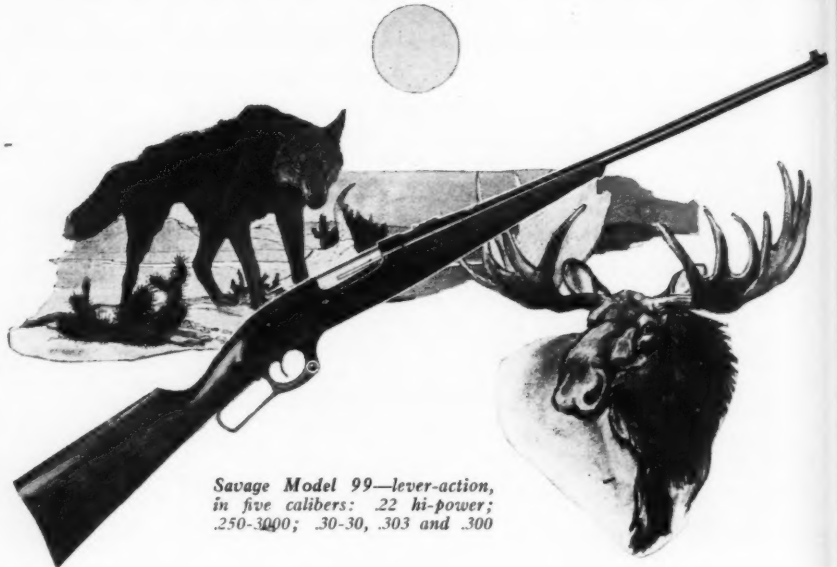
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178 Littleton Ave., Newark, N. J.



Savage Model 99—lever-action, in five calibers: .22 hi-power; .250-3000; .30-30, .303 and .300

## For vicious marauders now —for big game this fall

For knocking over foxes, coyotes, bobcats — you can't beat a Savage hi-power rifle. . . . And the very same rifle will bring down your big game this fall.

**W**HENEVER you need quick, straight hard shooting, you can count on a Savage.

The lightning lever action never fails. Just look at the hammerless solid breech—no jam *there*—the short, powerful lever means speed—sure action every time.

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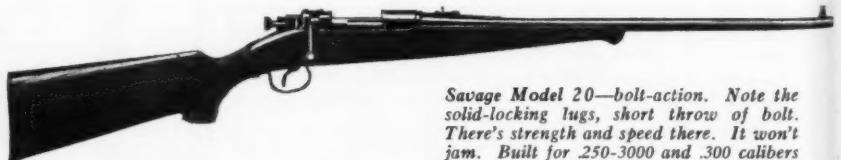
Wherever you pack a rifle you will find the Savage always ready—not an ounce of extra weight in its trim, clean lines—but in every rifle a built-in strength that means hard, fast and accurate shooting.

No matter what you hunt in America—there's a Savage to meet your needs.

Ask at your dealer's, or write today for our interesting catalog.

**SAVAGE ARMS CORPORATION**  
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Owners and Operators of the  
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Savage Model 20—bolt-action. Note the solid-locking lugs, short throw of bolt. There's strength and speed there. It won't jam. Built for .250-3000 and .300 calibers

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If it is results you want, then you must be able to see exactly where you have shot and where your next shot will be.

A FECKER SCOPE on your rifle shows you every bullet hole in the target up to one hundred yards. Besides being made up in various combinations of powers, there is the added advantage of being able to spot with ease.

Be convinced that the FECKER SCOPE will improve your scores.

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## NOW READY—THE PERFECTION SCORE BOOK

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Single copy, 40 cents, postpaid; two for 75 cents

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STAZON Kit, containing Rust Preventive, Gun Oil, Rustoff and Chloroil sent prepaid for \$1.00.

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FOR EVERY PURPOSE AND EVERY GUN

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Single copies and under ten, fifty cents each.

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## U. S. Government Marching Compass

\$24.50 value, While they last at \$1.75



This is a brand new day and night compass made by Sperry Gyroscope Co., for U. S. Government. Luminous Dial is suspended in spirits, focusing eye-piece. Furnished with plush lined

leather case with belt loop and hooks at \$1.75. No catalogue.

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## ATTENTION, ALL YE SCHEUTZEN RIFLEMEN!

7th Annual Outdoor American Record Match

Any Rifle, Any Sight

Distance, 200 yards

50 shots standing

Individual Entry.....\$2.00

Team Entry.....\$5.00

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D. Verne Moses, Secretary

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## Use MARBLE'S Oil

Marble's Nitro-Solvent Oil dissolves residue of all black and smokeless powders, including Cordite. Acts instantly—stops corrosive action—removes and prevents rust and cuts off dirt and grime. It's a perfect polish as well as a lubricant. Extensively used in the army. 2-oz. bottle 25c; 6-oz. can 55c. Postage 10c extra. Direct by mail if your dealer hasn't it. Catalog of Marble's 60 specialties free.

MARBLE ARMS & MFG. CO., 502 Delta Ave., Gladstone, Mich.



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FOR SALE AND EXCHANGE



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**C**OLLECTORS wishing to fill gaps in their exhibits and riflemen desiring to dispose of obsolete weapons will find this an excellent medium for purchases, sales and exchanges.

**Free Insertions.** Each subscriber is entitled to one insertion of one-half inch, when his subscription is paid up for one year. It is necessary only to write or print the text plainly, noting thereon the date subscription was paid. These advertisements will appear in the first available issue and should be in publication office two weeks prior to the following publication date.

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**Business cards and display** in this column accepted at the rate of \$2.50 an inch. No space less than an inch sold for display.

"FIREARMS OF YESTERDAY are a specialty with "THE OLD GEORGETOWN GUILD." At all times there are on hand a large number of specimens from which to select examples of early American, Confederate States' and European firearms. Tell us what your collection needs. We will probably be able to help you. The Old Georgetown Guild, 2722 M. Street, N. W., Washington, D. C.

**FOR SALE**—One old relic war holster and belt, \$1. New gas mask, with new oversea hat and kit bag, all \$3.50. 40-cal. wad cutter. .36 Colt pocket, not fluted kind, the rarest type, out of order, as are \$4.50. Poor .44 Colt Model U. S. M. C. \$1. Very good, rare Colt, .31, 5-shot, 6-barrel, only rammer broke, \$5. Poor E. L. C. .32, can be fixed to be a four-dollar gun, at \$1. One very fine original Colt .44, Navy, engravings are fine, bbl., frame, etc., at \$8.50. Double mould, about .40-cal., at 50 cents, very low in price. U. S. Army cart, belt, very fine war souvenir, at \$2 each. 12-ga. cap press, fine, only 55 cents. U. S. Army horse pistol, 13-inch, rare, price, \$6.50. Two rare .44 Colt Dragoons first and last model. First \$28, third, at \$25. .32 rifle mould, very fine, full, at \$1.50. Poor Otas A. Smith, given away at \$1. Out of order Chicago .38, otherwise fine, \$2.50. English Percussion 8-inch Pistol, scarce arm, \$4.50. One .32 S. & W. R. F. old Army, at \$5.50. .22 Iver Johnson Target, with pistol grip, bbl. 6 inches, very neat at \$5.50. H. & A. .22 Safety Police Target, low at \$2.50. Very fine English American made sword with case and scabbard. Can't be beat. Warrior scenes on it. Very low at only \$10. Another very old war sword at 55 cents, bargain. Merwin & Hubert .44 cow-boy, large revolver, can shoot but out of order, low at \$6.50. One out of order fine .36 fluted Colt, \$5. Good shooter but not good looking. .44 Remington center fire. No cap and ball made over, the sure thing. 7½-inch bbl., rod ejector, special bargain price at only \$10. .22 "My Friend" nickel duster at only \$7. Allen Pepper Box, 6-shot, at \$6.50, very good. French needle bayonet, with scabbard, very finest. Has French written on blade, at \$1. Old German trench knife, with scabbard with polished bright blade, special low price, \$2.50. One Allen & Wheelock .31 police at \$10. Two Long Pistols, very old, one flintlock, the other 23½-inch, at special prices. Everett Weaver, P. O. Box 18, Boulder, Colorado.

**WANTED**—Patterson Colt, Walker Colt, S. & W. .44 Russ. Army, S. A. 50 Remington Navy pistol sheath trigger. Forehand & Wadsworth .44. U. S. Springfield pistol 1818 Shoulder stock for 1855 Springfield pistol Civil War Colt. Sharps Buffalo rifle 45-120-550 with cartridges. Copy Sawyer's Vol. 2 "Our Pistols and Revolvers." *Arms and the Man*, September 15, 1920, and September 15, 1921, to January 15, 1922, inclusive. J. C. Harvey, 872 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

**FOR SALE**—Genuine mahogany box case for Jos. Manton muzzle-loader, 30 inches, flush brass corners and handle, Manton label, \$10. Dreyse Needle Rifle, Lefcaux action, with interchangeable rifle or smooth bore barrel, \$12. Hall Pat. (North maker) 1846 B. L. Carbine, \$10. Hotchkiss model bolt action military rifle Springfield arsenal, \$8. Two National Arms Company revolvers, \$6 and \$10. Kirkwood Bros. Inc., 23 Elm St., Boston, Mass.

**FOR SALE**—2,000 antique firearms at reasonable prices. Send six cents in stamps for 24-page price list. Let me know your special wants along any line of antique firearms. I am always anxious to buy single specimens or entire collections. Joe Kindig, Jr., 336 West Philadelphia Street, York, Pennsylvania.

**ANTIQUE AND MODERN FIREARMS** (new and used) sold, exchanged, and bought. Large stock—reasonable prices! Stephen Van Rensselaer, Peterborough, N. H.

## ANTIQUE WEAPONS

*It isn't what they cost you —  
It's not the price they bring;  
It's just another he-man view  
Of memories that cling.*

*It isn't advertising —  
It's not for gaudy show;  
It's just a bigger sizing,  
For men who care to know.*

Men size up to, and beyond the backgrounds they make, for the personalities they have built for themselves. Perhaps the wall of that Summer Cabin will still be bare again this summer—that's up to you—Here are the weapons that belong there:

1. 7½-inch Barcelona Dagg. Miguelet Flint. 3½-inch cannon-shaped barrel, brass fittings, engraved, ramrod, carved stock. Good, \$9.75
2. 11½-inch double barrel English percussion pistol. 5-inch, round, removable barrels. Two triggers, brass frame with center hammers. Marked, "London" on brass frame. Silver mask butt plate, safety. Oldest English proof marks. Good, \$27.65
3. 6-inch pair flintlock, concealed trigger, center hammer pocket pistols. Marks, "Clemson-Salop." Blued, engraved to muzzles, safeties. Beautiful checkered grips, with silver nameplates. FINE, \$15.00
4. 10½-inch pair Swiss gold decorated flintlock pistols. NOTE: This pair is fine in every way, but one flint hammer is not original—same shape as original, but engraving is left off. Beautiful stork scenes engraved on metal parts. Full stocks, carved, gold inlaid legend on barrels. Maker's initials on locks. Like new, \$32.00
5. 9-inch pair Italian flintlock pistols. Oldest type. Full stocks, silver wire inlay. 4½-inch barrels, inlaid with floral design. Engraved. Marked, "Loggia" on locks. Very good, \$24.00
6. 5½-inch pair English concealed trigger flints. No name. Safeties. Good. Bargain at, \$9.75

7. 19½-inch Revolutionary War flintlock holster Pistol, marked, "Grice-1759." Brass butt plate, trigger guard and barrel band. Good condition and working order. Rare, \$14.75
8. 18-inch U. S. Springfield (1855) pistol with Maynard primer lock. FINE in every way. Rare in this condition, \$22.50
9. Colt Frontier Model single action, .45-caliber revolver with ivory grips (old one-piece type grips). Nicklelike new. Bore not perfect. Marked "U. S." on frame. 7½-inch barrel. FINE, \$37.50
10. S. & W. Russian Model single action, .44-cal. revolver with ivory grips. Nicklelike new. Bore not perfect. Fine otherwise, \$32.50
11. 14-inch Civil War Pettengill percussion hammerless revolver, .44-caliber. 7½-inch o.d. barrel. No. 4438. Good, \$20.00
12. 13-inch Allen & Wheelock percussion revolver, .44-caliber. Good condition and working order, \$15.75
13. 11½-inch Colt .36-cal. percussion revolver with ivory stocks and some one has done a FINE job of nickeling. A beauty, \$17.50
14. Colt side hammer percussion revolver, with beautiful ivory stocks, .28-caliber. Lots of original finish, fluted cyl. Very good, \$14.75
15. German sporting type, one-man crossbow. Ivory arrow way. A beautiful specimen and genuine cherry stock, \$32.00
16. Genuine Turkish curved blade dagger in brass sheath. Good, \$6.45
17. Wavy blade Kris with pearl set in handle. FINE, \$12.50
18. Collection of (21) World War medals. Fine. Lot for, \$27.50
19. Two fine sword canes. Both for, \$12.50
20. Lot (16) of cheap pistols and revolvers. Nice lot. Bargain at, \$20.00
21. Confederate Springfield musket with bayonet. Marked, "C. S." Richmond, Va. (1862). Bargain at, \$12.00
22. Two types halberds (paper mache for decoration.) (2), \$1.95
23. 31-inch Joyner brass barrel flintlock blunderbuss. Highly engraved. A beauty and priced cheap at, \$37.50
24. Colt Navy .36-cal. percussion revolver. Naval scene on cyl. Good condition and working order, \$6.45
25. THE BEST WEAPON OFFER EVER MADE. For your Summer Cabin:
  - (10) Rifles and carbines including Kentucky, plains, flintlock, Joslyn, Merriiden, Remington, Sharp, Frank Wesson and others.
  - (15) Big revolvers (percussion, flintlock and cartridge) all in working order.
  - (15) Swords, daggers, sabers, cutlasses, etc. All good.

This lot of 40 pieces for, \$132.50  
NOTE: I will throw in powder flasks, etc.

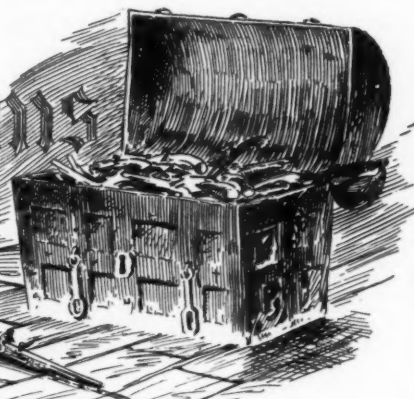
Money promptly refunded if goods prove unsatisfactory. Transportation extra.

F. THEODORE DEXTER

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Marshalltown, Iowa.

# The Arms Chest



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THE uniformly excellent returns from advertisements appearing in the classified columns of THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN make it a most satisfactory and productive medium for the disposal of surplus shooting equipment, or the acquisition of special types of firearms.

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**WANTED**—Illinois civilians to affiliate with their local rifle club and have their club affiliate with the Illinois State Rifle Association. We want at least seven new men who have never attended National Matches to get in, and earn a place on the team. Any old-timer will be glad to give a helping hand. For information and application blanks, ask L. M. Felt, 132 S. Parkside Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

**FOR SALE**—Pope 33 M. L. 32-inch No. 4, Ballard, best engraved action, tools, perfect, \$75. Double hammerless rifle, .38-55 smokeless cartridge, 28-inch. 7-4 oz. highest quality engraved side locks, test target counts 96 on N. R. A. 100 yard bull. The perfect deer rifle, new, imported, ready for delivery, \$225. WILL TRADE —577 double, Lancaster of London, \$500, grade. Has hammers, highest grade, never shot, ideal moose gun. **WANT**—extra heavy .30 cal., free rifle or shotguns, give or take difference. Niedner-Mausser, highest grade, engraved, De Luxe stock, 5X Scope, no sight slots, 24-inch nickel steel, 25 (3006) case necked down, loading tools, 100 new reamed cases, extreme accuracy, with sparrow or bear loads without changing sights.

**FOR SALE**—New Marlin Rifle, Model 27 Pump Action, 25 Rim Fire, fitted with Gerard Scope, Noose Mounting, \$95 value, price \$40. Winchester 5-A Scopes, complete with mounts, No. 2 rear, bases, screws, cases. One strictly new in box, \$41 value, for \$25. Another used, good as new for use, \$20. Hensoldt rifle scope, 5X, strictly new, \$55 value, for \$25. D. H. Jenkins, Knoxville, Tennessee.

**FOR SALE**—Marlin Model 38, oct. bbl., new, \$20.50. Marlin Model 39, new, \$26. Marlin Model 37, new, \$20.50. Marlin Model 27, 25-20, new, \$30. Winchester Model 92, 25-20, new, \$27.50. Winchester Model 95, 30-06, new, \$45. Colt S. A. 45, 7 1/2-in. bbl., new, \$30. Francotte Eje. No. 25, 12 ga., cost \$400, new, \$360. Perfect Reloading Tools, any cal. \$15. Booklet on request. "Albertson," Lewes, Delaware.

**FOR SALE**—Grilse and Salmon Rod, Deluxe, 13 ft., \$65. Grilse and Salmon Rod, 11 ft., \$50. 3 1/2-inch Salmon Fly Reel, 75 yards capacity, \$24. 100 yards size D Flexible Salmon Fly Line, \$12. Will sell items separately and might consider High Grade Springfield Sporter as part payment. "Trip Spoiled." H. F. Crofut, Old Forge, N. Y.

**RIFLE RESTOCKING AND REBUILDING**—We rebuild your military rifle in a Sporting Model and make it shoot as straight as your barrel is good. All rifles given target and working tests before shipment. Same old firm. Same skilled mechanics. Same location. W. R. McCay & Son, New Castle, Pennsylvania.

**FOR SALE**—30 '06 Ideal D. A. loading tool, Special capping tool, fair mould, \$4.00; 38 S. & W. Spl. Ideal No. 3 D. A. with new mould, \$3.00; Ideal lubricator and sizer for either of above, \$3.00. A. D. Potter, 119 McAllister Ave., Syracuse, N. Y.

**WANTED**—Latest issue Springfield .22 or Winchester 52; Reising or Colt auto, .22; .38 or .45 military auto, and .38 or .44 S. & W. Special. Also tools and accessories. In reply state lowest price and condition. Paul V. Heine, 226 Schermerhorn St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

**WANTED**—A winning Civilian Team from Pennsylvania at the National Matches this fall and every shooter in Pennsylvania to correspond with C. T. Patterson, 843 Napier Ave., Laurance Park, Erie, Pennsylvania.

That all round rifle you dream of, \$125. Martini, genuine Swiss free rifle type, action and fancy curly walnut stock, Swiss butt and peep sight, set triggers, \$40. Ballard actions with set triggers, \$25 up to \$150 for gold inlay. 425 Mauser, 26 inches, highest quality, 9 1/4 lbs., \$95 without engraving. 7 mm. single shot, 32-inch, finest engraving, set triggers, peep sights, 12 lbs., last word in free rifles, special stock for kneeling and standing, \$95. 95 cal. 25 x 25 emptys, 63 cal. 22 x 15 x 60 emptys, 1000 loaded 22 x 10 x 45 (22 Ex. long) lot of steel and brass emptys and loading tool. Breech action only. Hall's patent, flint lock breech loader Harper's Ferry, best offer gets it. Cap lock match rifle, in new condition, and extremely accurate, not junk. Holds its own against any cartridge. Winchester heavy single shot, .38-55 fancy stock, set triggers, tools, \$28. Hervey Lovell, 2809 Bellefontaine St., Indianapolis, Indiana.

**FOR SALE**—Three Ross rifles, M. 10, caliber .280. Each \$50. One Ross .280 with Lyman No. 48 rear sight, \$60. One Ross M. 05 with Niedner .30-40 barrel chambered for pointed bullet, and best checked pistol grip sporting stock (not a worked over military stock), \$60. All the above absolutely new and perfect. Send money order payable to THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN for ten dollars to guarantee express and any rifle will be sent C. O. D. with privilege of examination. J. F., THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—Winchester 5-A Scope with No. 2 mounts and extra 8.5 power Fecker eyepiece, \$27; Winchester .22 L. R. single shot with double set triggers, 30-inch No. 3 barrel, fancy stock with cheekpiece, scope blocks, \$45; Stevens .32-40 single shot with double set triggers, heavy barrel, scope blocks, \$27.50; Ideal .32 Special mold, new and perfect, \$1.50. **WANT**—22 or 25 Niedner high-power, also Winchester 52 or Springfield .22, National Match Springfield, or what have you to trade? D. S. Purdy, 119 Utica Street, Ithaca, N. Y.

**FOR SALE**—Super-accurate Winchester single shot special barrel, .22 L. R. New shotgun butt, New Lyman 103 sight, scope blocks, sling swivels, guaranteed accuracy, \$45. Winchester, 22 short, musket, excellent \$10. Ithaca No. 4, auto. ejectors, Jotsam pad, 12-ga., brand new beautiful gun only \$90, cost \$125. Remington 12C target grade, .22 L. R., Lyman sights, fine shape, \$18. 45 Auto. magazines, 25 cents. Steel rifle rest, adjustable elevation, \$3. Leather sling straps, bov't. style, \$1 each. Address "Crank," AMERICAN RIFLEMAN.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—Laurel 8-valve cylinder head, for Ford Motor, complete with 1 1/2-inch Rayfield also Miller Racing Carburetor. High Speed cam shaft, vacuum tank, all practically new, \$65. Set straight line reloading tools for .250 Savage by "Kosholek," \$10. Will trade any or all of above for guns in perfect condition. High tension magneto with drive, \$30. C. V. Liggett, Box 65, West Middletown, Penn.

**FOR SALE**—Model 1917 rifle as issued, except pistol grip has been removed. Perfect condition, \$28. Stevens telescope sight No. 161, 30 inches, 6X, brand new with mounts, \$9. H. W. Bundy, R. R. D. No. 7, Topeka, Kansas.

**FOR SALE HAND MADE SHOW RIFLES**—The following rifles were made expressly for our exhibit at the Outdoor Sports Exposition, Grand Central Palace, New York City: (1) .30-06 Springfield with super-accurate 24-inch barrel of world famous Poldi Anticorro (rustless) steel, Grade A Circassian dark curl figured stock, length of stock 14 inches, drop at heel 3 inches, comb 1 5/8 inches. De Luxe checkering on forearm and pistol grip. Fine relief game animal engraving on floor plate and trigger guard. Weight 8 pounds. Price \$350. (2) .35 Whelen caliber with super-accurate matted rib 24-inch barrel, Grade A Circassian dark curl figured stock, length of stock 13 7/8 inches, drop at heel 2 7/8 inches, comb 1 5/8 inches. De Luxe checkering on pistol grip and forearm. Fine relief game animal on floor plate and trigger guard, gold inlay margin lines. Wt. 7 1/4 lbs. Price \$275. (3) .30-06 featherweight Springfield with star-gauged 20-inch barrel, fine grade Circassian stock, length of stock 13 7/8 inches, drop at heel 3 inches, comb 1 5/8 inches. Pistol grip and forearm checkered and English scroll engraving on floor plate and trigger guard. Weight 7 1/4 pounds. Price \$170. Each of the above rifles has a Whelen cheek piece and is fitted with steel hand checkered trap butt plate containing jointed steel cleaning rod, brush and oil can, also genuine Buffalo Horn pistol grip cap, No. 48 Lyman micrometer windage rear sight and gold bead front sight; imported sling swivels and Whelen carrying sling. Griffin & Howe, Inc., Rifle Makers, 234 East 39th St., New York City.

**FOR SALE**—Actions for .22 target or match rifles. No stocks or barrels. Lock in falling block, ejector, plain trigger, patented. All parts easily removed without disturbing stock. Barrel maker can readily fit any barrel. By far the best action ever made, designed for those who want something better than obsolete actions or Germans salvage. An early order is advisable. Made by hand from the bar. Price \$20. E. F. Hedrick, Ottumwa, Iowa.

**FOR SALE**—Stevens six-inch off hand, brand new. 45 Colt S. A. seven and one half inch barrel, almost new, barrel perfect. Winchester .25-20 carbine, slightly used, barrel excellent. Blascope field glass with case. All bargains, write for details. Wm. H. Foster, Lafayette, Indiana, Route E.

**FOR SALE OR TRADE**—One Altimeter, 0 to 25,000 feet. Tyco's Type C luminous dial, 4 1/4-in. diameter, aneroid type used by Aviation Section Signal Corps. Brand new, worth \$45. **WANT** .22 Springfield. Make offer. C. A. Montgomery, 2224 San Emido St., Bakersfield, Cal.

**FOR SALE**—Army Special .38 5-inch, perfect inside, holster worn, checked wood grips, \$22. S. & W. 1917 Model 45, new, \$20. Might trade. **WANT**—45-105 Sharp's Straight Solid Head cases. L. H. Anderson, 5612 No. Marmora Ave., Chicago, Illinois.

**FOR SALE**—One Model 52 Winchester, in very good condition, equipped with Stevens' Scope and No. 48 Lyman rear sight, Sheared and Winchester globe front sight. Make offer. Box 18 "The American Rifleman."

**FOR SALE**—New Whelen rucksack, never used, as received from Griffin and Howe. \$10 postage paid or will trade for Modern-Bond tool, first class shape for '06 cartridge. S. B. Sawyer, Galeton, Pa.

**FOR SALE**—Bullet Lubricant. Box of 12 sticks 75 cents. One pound cake, \$1.25, post paid. Orders solicited. H. K. Clark, Barre, Mass.



FOR SALE—3½-X Dialyt Hensoldt Prism Binoculars, central focusing, \$20. .32 S. & W., 3½-inch bbl., break open, pocket revolver, pearl grips, double action, \$10. .32 S. & W. single action, 3-inch barrel, \$7. .38 S. & W. Single Action, 3¼-inch barrel, \$8. .32 S. & W. single action, rim fire, 6-inch barrel, \$7. .32 S. & W. single action, rim fire, 3½-inch barrel, \$7. .22 S. & W. single action, 3¼-inch barrel, ivory grips, practically factory condition, \$10. Another used, wooden grips, \$6. .38 S. & W. single action, 3¼-inch barrel, pearl grips, \$9. Colt New .41 single action, 2¼-inch barrel, walnut grips, pocket revolver, Derringer type grip, \$10. .38 S. & W. Hammerless 3¼-inch barrel, pearl grips, \$13. .45 Colt Automatic, not marked "United States Property," \$19. A September Moving Picture Camera, cost \$150, sell for \$85. A very fine English Reflex with Cooks 4.5 lens. The Reflex is a Thornton Pickard Victory Reflex cost \$110, sell for \$60, or trade for a good Sporting Springfield, .32 Colt Automatic Pistol, \$11. A brand new pair of 6x36 Ideal Dialyt Hensoldt Prism Binoculars, central focusing, with straps and case, \$50. A 6-X German Prismatic Monocular, used, \$6. Carl Zeiss 7x50 Noctar Prism Binocular with case, \$40. V. V. Natalish, Apache, Oklahoma.

FOR SALE—Winchester Single Shot Rifle, cal. .32-20, practically brand new inside and out. It has heavy octagon barrel, No. 2 single trigger, very fine hand made Schuetzen stock with cheek piece and full grip checkered and capped with a hand engraved aluminum cap, Schuetzen butt plate, front sight, Lyman windgauge No. 7 globe, rear sight Lyman windgauge peep No. 52-A, price \$30. Ballard single shot rifle, cal. .38-55, inside fine, full pistol grip stock having cheek piece and Swiss butt plate, globe front and peep rear sights. If the barrel and frame were reblued the gun would be practically in new condition. The barrel is half octagon and quite heavy. Price \$15, a bargain. Frank Wesson heavy .38 cal. R. F. combination rifle, can be changed to center fire, inside of barrel fair but accurate, outside of gun fine, has buried fancy walnut stock, nickel plate frame and butt plate, globe front and peep rear, rare gun for collectors, price \$10. Mannlicher-Schoenauer pre-war cal. 6.5 mm. This gun is like new, price \$50. Frank Wesson light single shot rifle, fine octagon barrel, cal. .22 L. R., has just been relined by Diller and is very accurate, the gun is in fine shape and a rare piece. It is fine silver plate except the barrel, the frame, guard, and butt plate are hand engraved. Stock is fancy walnut, price \$20. A rare gun for a collector. .35 cal. Remington, Automatic, condition new, price \$45. First M. O. or certified check takes the gun selected. (No trade). Dr. P. A. Matteson, Bennington, Vermont.

TOO MANY GUNS—For Sale: Remington Automatic, Trap grade, 28-inch barrel, three-quarter choke. This is a good gun, used but never had any rust in it or on the outside. Nothing wrong with it. Price \$40. Chas. Askins, Ames, Oklahoma.

FOR SALE—New Ottway 20-X spotting scope, \$9. Also new Ottway 6-X binoculars, cost \$96, will take \$30. Brand new Peterson .22 barrel on Winchester action, \$45, also a new Peterson on Ballard Union Hill, for \$60. New S. & W. 10-inch, \$21. .38 Colt Automatic 6-inch barrel, \$17.50. Lyman No. 103 sight, \$5. Brand new Marlin 20-gauge pump, \$33. A very good plain Ballard action with stock and forearm, \$12. Fine Seth Thomas balance, \$15. New 16-gauge Winchester pump, \$35. Very fine pre-war 9-mm. Haenel Mannlicher, \$35. Fred N. Anderson, 174 Lafayette Ave., Suffern, N. Y.

FOR SALE—Reloading tools .44-40 Winchester tool, 41 long Colt Ideal, .32-40 Winchester Mould, .45-70 Loading Tool, Bolt Action Winchester, .45-70 Winchester 1886-40-82, 12-gauge Winchester Lever Action repeater. WANTED—.25 cal. Ideal cylindrical adjustable mould, Leopold mould, Ideal Perfection adjustable mould .45 cal., Stevens' pocket rifle, 10-inch, .22 cal. L. I. Way, So. Side Sta., Omaha, Nebraska.

FOR SALE—Colt Bisley .45, \$18. Colt S. A. .32-20, \$18. Colt S. A. .38-40, \$14.50. Colt .32-20 Army Special, \$20. Colt P. P. .38 Spl. \$20. Colt .38 Auto, \$20. Colt .45 Auto., \$15. S. & W. .44 Russian, \$15. Mauser 8 mm. Sporter, \$18. Browning 12-gauge Auto., \$35. Lefever 10-gauge hammerless, Damascus barrels, \$19. Ray Nelson, Roy, Utah.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE—.22 S. & W. small frame, 3½, perfect, \$20. .32 Colt N. P. 4-inch pearl grips, good, \$15. Colt .38 D. A., \$10. Savage 250 bolt, fine inside, receiver, peep, gold bead, \$30. Winchester 12-ga., hammerless, fine, \$30. WANT—.22 Auto. Colt or Reising. Alfred L. Jacobson, Luck, Wisconsin.

WILL EXCHANGE—Ideal Bullet Moulds No. 308344 and 429251 in perfect condition for any of the following: 308241, 260302, 454190, 456123, 360344, or will exchange perfectly new Ideal reloading tool No. 3 for .30 Springfield '06 or .280 Ross with double adjustable chamber. Box 7, THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN.

FOR SALE—.22 Stevens' Off-Hand Pistol, \$7. .22 Savage Sporter, \$9. .38 S. & W. Safety Hammerless, \$10. .44-40 Bisley Colt 4¼-inch barrel, \$20. .45 Colt Pocket Automatic, \$14. .45-60 Winchester 1876 Model, \$10. Arthur J. Kent, 36 E. Washington St., Phoenix, Arizona.

FOR SALE—Priced catalogues of practically every important sale of old fire arms. \$2 each. H. B. Harmer, 2026 North 18th St., Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FOR SALE—Ideal Bullet Mould, 115-grain, for .38 S. & W. or .38 S. & W. Special, perfect condition. \$1.50 postpaid. Lock Box 206, Elgin, Ill.

FOR SALE—Stevens' Ideal, .25-20, like new inside and outside, except stock scratched, \$115. Stevens' Target Rifle, Swiss butt, .32-40, like new inside and outside, no sights, \$20. Old style Winchester S. S. action rim fire, fine, \$4. Louis Evans, R. F. D. No. 2, Box 300, Phoenix, Arizona.

SELL OR TRADE—I. C. S. Architectural Library, 11 volumes, new, other similar books for .38 Special target revolver or other guns. Must be in A-1 condition. J. I. Davis, 126 Holcombe St., Montgomery, Alabama.

WANTED—Following Ideal bullet moulds in perfect condition: 360271, in 130-grain bullet, 360302, 360344, 360345, 429336, and 429344. State condition and lowest price. Box 22 THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN.

RIFLES FOR SALE—U. S. Krag Service Rifle, \$12. Winchester M. 94, .30-30, \$15. Winchester M. '06 .22 Short or Long, \$9. WANTED Lee Enfield Short Model, 10 shot, as sold by N. R. A. H. H. Marx, Cottonwood, California.

WANTED TO TRADE—Turner-Reich Prism Binoculars 8x30, brand new with case for a .30-06 Springfield Sporter, star-gauged. Value of binoculars, \$60. E. E. Breech, 320 W. Market St., Bethlehem, Penna.

FOR SALE—Stevens 26-inch, .22 cal. rifle barrel, with No. 17 Lyman sight and forearm, \$8.50. One Butt Stock, \$2. Above fit No. 44½ action. Fred Wichman, Ft. Atkinson, Iowa.

FOR SALE—Old established Sporting Goods store in a Pennsylvania city of 50,000. Stock and fixtures will inventory about \$11,000. Address B. H. Care THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN.

FOR SALE—Brand new S. & W. .32 Safety Hammerless Pocket Revolver, only fired five shots, \$23. David Armitage, 1234 Wagner Ave., Logan, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

FOR SALE—.38-40 Winchester 24-inch oct. barrel, full magazine, good condition and accurate, \$20. V. R. Atkin, 27 Second St., Tidiute, Pa.

WANTED—Ideal No. 2 bench lubricator and sizer. State condition and lowest price. Box 23, THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN.

WILL TRADE—.358 lubricating and sizing die for Ideal lubricator for one measuring .357 or .454. Box 6, THE AMERICAN RIFLEMAN.

FOR SALE—New Winchester .33, for \$15. Earl Coziah, Cokerville, Wyoming.

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# What Is a Pistol Powder?

**I**N DESIGNING a powder which will burn efficiently in a pistol, it is necessary to consider the barrel length of the arm as well as the cartridge case capacity and bullet weight of the ammunition to be used.

## The Length of the Pistol Barrel

This short barrel length requires an exceptionally quick burning powder in order to obtain a reasonable velocity before the bullet has left the barrel. This means that a slow burning powder cannot be used to obtain high

is a possibility of loading double charges. In spite of the fact that the pistol cartridge case has too great a capacity for a pistol powder it is entirely too small for the use of a slow burning powder such as a rifle powder. It would not be advisable to increase the present pistol cartridge case to accommodate a slow burning powder, as the barrel length has effectively limited the pistol cartridge to the use of a quick burning powder. For this reason, the pistol powder must be of high potential and of great burning speed to propel the bullet at the desired velocity and with the required degree of uniformity. A high potential and quick burning speed are not only conducive to erosion, but tend toward target inaccuracy unless carefully controlled.

## The Pistol Bullet Weight

The third, and probably controlling factor to be considered, is that of bullet weight. A heavy bullet is usually desired to develop the required shocking power at the low velocities to which pistol ammunition is loaded. The bullet weight affords the necessary resistance to a powder to cause it to burn efficiently. With a slow burning powder there is a gradual increase in pressure corresponding to every increase in bullet weight. This increase in pressure with a slow burning powder is gradual and its effect can be watched and controlled. On the other hand, with a quick burning powder, the increase in pressure is exceptionally rapid with every increase in bullet weight. This exceptionally rapid increase in pressure in the case of a pistol or a revolver, where the pressure limit is 15,000 pounds per square inch, may run beyond the safety limit of pressure. For this reason, special precautions have to be taken in changing the existing designs of pistol and revolver cartridges. The diameter of the bullet also has its influence on the resultant pressure. An increase in the diameter of a pistol cartridge bullet will force the pressure of a normal weight of charge, for a bullet of normal diameter, far past the safety limit of the gun. It can readily be seen that the weight and diameter of the bullet are not only of vital importance in the design of a powder, but also are factors that all hand loaders should bear in mind as of equal importance when loading their ammunition. Charges recommended by any authorities per-

velocities because there is insufficient barrel length to permit a slow burning powder to continue pushing the bullet along the bore after it has once been started in motion.

## The Capacity of the Pistol Cartridge Case

The second factor to be considered in designing a pistol powder is the capacity of the cartridge case. With the modern dense smokeless pistol powders, the pistol cartridge case usually has too great a capacity in that there

tain only to the bullets actually tested. A different mold, proportion of tin and lead, and different pistols will vary the resultant pressures. It is always well to under-load ammunition and gradually work up to the recommended charge, especially since the recommended charges in some cases usually represent the maximum limit in weight of charge.

## High Velocity in Revolvers and Pistols

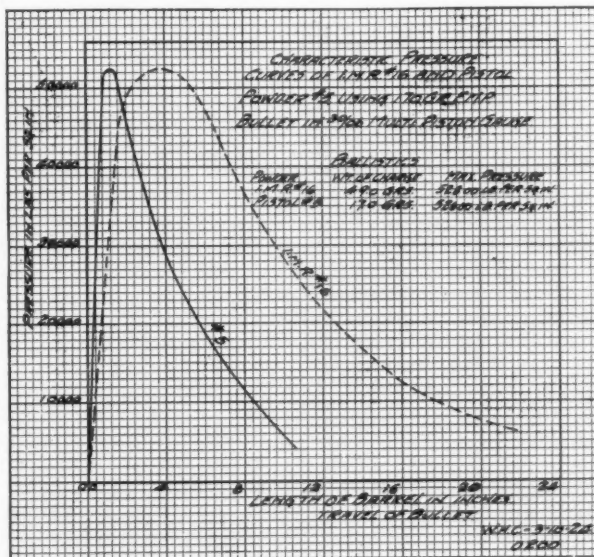
High velocity loads are limited by the pressure a firearm will safely withstand. It may be stated as a general rule that pistols and revolvers should not be loaded to pressures higher than 15,000 lbs. per sq. in. This limit effectively prohibits very high velocities with a quick burning powder, such as a pistol powder has to be to meet the requirements imposed by the short barrel, the small case capacity and the weight of the bullet.

As it is impossible to increase the barrel length and still retain the mobility desirable in a one-hand gun, and since the capacity of the case cannot be increased without making the cylinder or magazine cumbersome, the only method left is to decrease the bullet weight. This has been done effectively, as in the case of the 45

A. C. P. cartridge, where, by decreasing the 230 grain bullet, with its 810 f. s. velocity, to 200 grains, the velocity was increased to 910 f. s. This method of attaining high velocity by reducing the bullet weight can, however, be carried to an extreme, for the accuracy will suffer eventually. Accuracy depends, to a certain extent, upon the bullet's travel through the barrel as well as the manner in which the bullet upsets in the origin of the lands. With such a short barrel, the travel is limited and when the velocity is pushed too high the accuracy falls off correspondingly.

## Pistol Powder No. 5

Pistol Powder No. 5 is made of nitrocellulose, the coolest burning of all nitro compounds that efficiently serve as a base for smokeless powder. It is cut in a small granulation to obtain the quickness of burning made necessary by the small capacity of the pistol cartridge case.



The above graph shows the difference in rate of burning between Pistol Powder No. 5 and IMR No. 16 very strikingly. This curve was drawn from test results obtained in a 30/06 multiple piston pressure gauge when both powders were loaded to develop breach pressure of approximately 52,000 lbs./sq. in. IMR No. 16, as shown by the dotted line, develops its pressure slowly and continues the application of pressure on the base of the bullet as it moves down the barrel. Pistol Powder No. 5, as shown by the solid line, develops its maximum pressure very rapidly and falls off again almost as quickly. Obviously, a pistol powder is as impracticable in a rifle cartridge as a rifle powder would be loaded in pistol ammunition.

E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co., Inc., Wilmington, Delaware

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Back Row: Lieut. Hinds, Fisher, Fenton, Col. Stodter, Major Waller, Cy Osburn, Jack Dooley, John Grier

## *On Their Way to the Internationals*

The United States Olympic Rifle Team, shown above, sailed for France on the U. S. S. President Harding, Wednesday, May 28.

The team will use special match ammunition loaded with 180-grain bullets and Hercules HiVel for the three hundred meter free rifle matches; and 200-grain bullets and HiVel for the four hundred, six hundred and eight hundred meter firing in the Olympic Matches.

For the fifth time in five years, a U. S. International Rifle Team will depend upon the accuracy of Hercules Powder in defending the shooting prestige of the United States.

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